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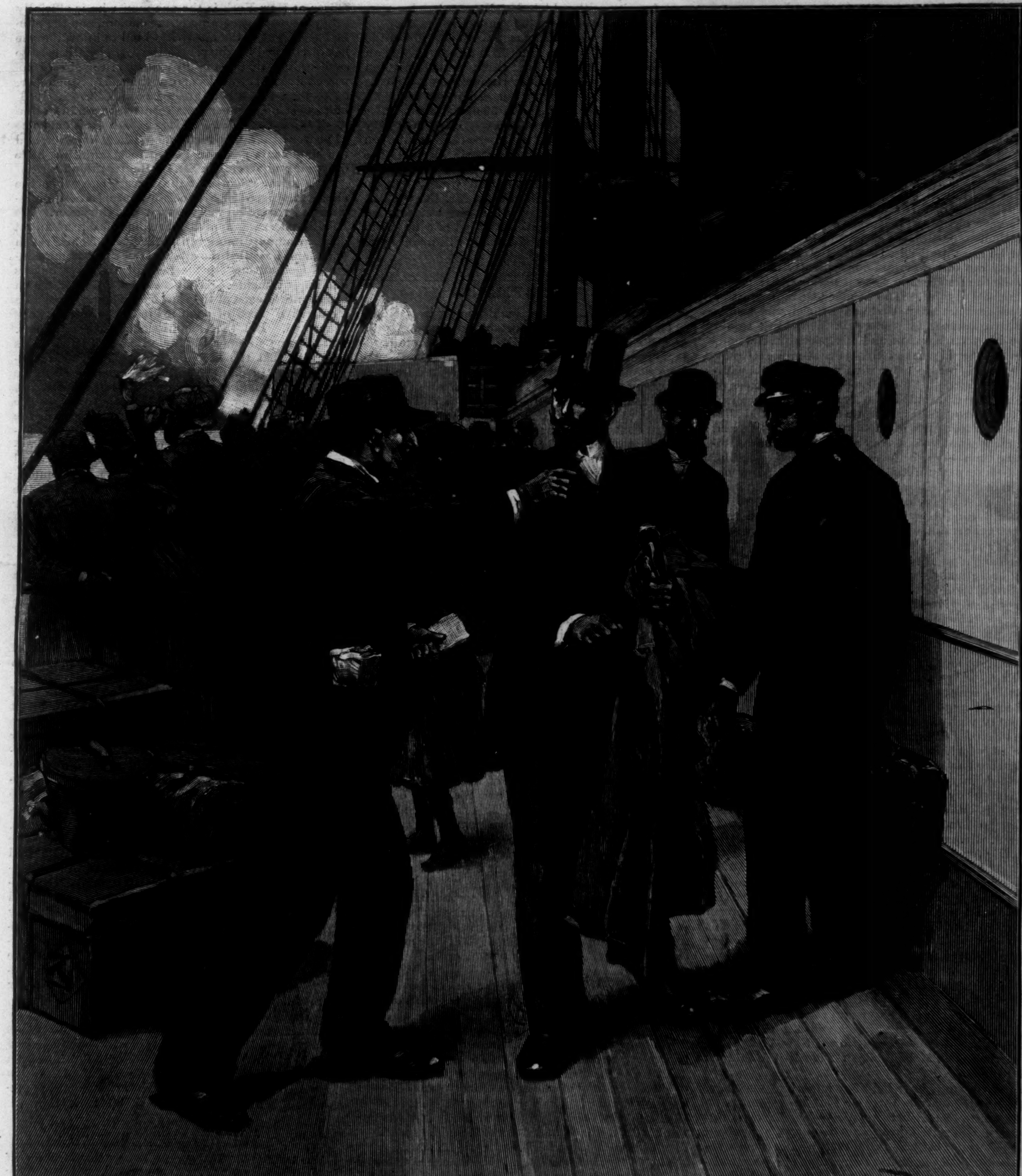


ARRESTED ON ARRIVAL.—DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

"If money is ever well laid out in supplying children with good reading for a merely nominal price, it is certainly in subscribing for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."—*R. H. Stoddard, in New York Mail and Express.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for November 8th is the second in Volume Nine. Among its contents are a short story for girls, called "Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went," by MARY E. WILKINS, *author of "A Humble Romance, and Other Stories"; an amusing story of "A Telephone Conspiracy," by* XENOS CLARK; *and the seventeenth chapter of "Derrick Sterling," by* KIRK MUNROE.

"Striking Oil" is the title of an article in MRS. HERRICK'S *series on Geology, with two engravings.*

"The Foot-ball Season" is an interesting and timely article, as also is "Talks about Christmas Gifts," by ALICE M. KELLOGG. *This gives practical directions for making tasteful gifts, with drawings to aid the text.*

The illustrations in this number are unusually attractive.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE ELECTION.

THE WEEKLY goes to press before the election, and the result will be known simultaneously with the publication of this number. In advance the result is very obscure. If it were a simple contest between the two parties, the success of the Republicans would be most probable, because the Republican is the party out of power, and consequently more united, while the Democratic party is nationally in power and angrily divided. The Democratic opponents of the President are aware that under the circumstances a positive Democratic victory in New York would assure his renomination and his probable election, while Democratic defeat this year would seriously embarrass his prospects for next year. But the contest is not simple. The million and more voters of the State are distributed into five important groups: the Republican and Democratic and Labor and Prohibition parties, each of them organized bodies, and the independent voters, who are this year more numerous than ever, because it is a local election, and because party lines of principle and policy are very indistinct. In a State which in the general election of '84 gave only a plurality of 1047 to the successful candidate in a total vote of more than 1,000,000, the result, under the conditions of this year, is wholly incalculable in advance.

The campaign has been very listless, the public activity being mainly upon the Republican and Labor and Prohibition side. The Democratic canvass has been generally silent and invisible. The earnestness and enthusiasm have been displayed by the Labor party, Mr. GEORGE and Dr. McGLYNN being the chief orators, and conducting the campaign like a religious function. The Labor movement has been favored by the Republicans, and not unnaturally, not only because it promised to take votes from the Democrats, but because its principle of paternal government is in sympathy with the Republican policy. The Republicans have held large meetings in many parts of the State, at which Senators EVARTS and HISCOCK and ex-Senator MILLER have been the chief speakers. The subject mainly discussed by them has been protection, not as a policy to encourage and invigorate nascent industries, but as a defence against the pauper labor of Europe. In regard to the surplus the orators have differed. Senator EVARTS has laughed at it as a trivial affair for sixty millions of people; while Senator HISCOCK has lamented it, but held that it was the duty of the party of administration to provide a remedy. Upon the temperance question the Republican speakers have argued that the reasonable hope of reform lay in the Republican party, and the same statement has been made in regard to civil service reform. Not much, however, has been urged on behalf of the national aid to the Erie Canal, which the Republican platform demanded. It will be observed that the tone of the campaign has been strictly national. Indeed, Senator HISCOCK's constant allegation has been that this election was "the skirmish line" of next year's national contest, and that if New York could be carried now, a Republican President would be elected next year.

The Democrats have held few important meetings. Governor HILL spoke three or four times, and as he is reputed to be a shrewd politician, and as his political fortunes are involved in the result, it is supposed that he has not been idle, and that, whatever may befall the State ticket, he has been mindful of the Legislature. The wisdom of a silent campaign has been obvious, because it is plain that in an "aggressive" speech-making canvass the difference of opinion about the President could not have been concealed. The Labor and Prohibition meetings have been large, and the appeal of both parties most earnest. They have each of them a more definite purpose than either of the old parties, and rely upon reason and conviction, not, like their rivals, upon tradition, precedent, and prejudice. The course of the independent vote at this election in New York is not known, and the result therefore can be cited neither for nor against its influence and power. The fact that the Republican party is controlled by Mr. PLATT and his friends has certainly not tended to attract them to its support, while the evident want of sympathy with the President's reform views displayed by the Democratic party has been very significant to them. In the city of New York the Republican Convention had the surprising good sense to nominate a Democrat who had been refused a nomination by his own party because of great public service, and to this nomination that of another Democrat was added to make sure of the acceptance of the first. This was an illustration of the true course for a minority party to pursue in what should always be a non-partisan election. The personal ferocity with which Mr. NICOLL has been assailed because of his acceptance as a Democrat of the Republican nomination is a signal illustration of the disgusting ordeal of blackguardism through which an honorable and public-spirited citizen must pass when summoned to stand for an important office. In his case the contest has been simply one of honesty and public spirit against "boodle" and blackguardism. The power of these latter forces in a city election is very great, but the fierceness of their personal assault upon Mr. NICOLL has plainly shown their alarm. The result of the election in New York will determine a great deal. A positive Republican victory will go far to assure the renomination of Mr. BLAINE. A positive Democratic victory will secure the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, and probably the withdrawal of Mr. BLAINE. An uncertain result will merely prolong the present situation.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

IT is evident that the question of money in elections has become suddenly so important that the next great forward step in legislation will be a law upon the subject. The New York *Tribune* says that if the Republicans should secure the New York Legislature such a law may be expected. If this anticipation should be justified, and a law simple, thorough, and efficient should be passed by the Republicans, they would have done in that alone much to justify the Republican claim that it is the only party of actual progress in administrative methods. The beginning of the movement was made some years ago in the attack of the Civil Service Reform Associations upon political assessments and HUBBELL. The energy and ability with which the New York Association pushed a case up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and obtained a favorable decision, made the public familiar with one aspect of the subject and opened the general discussion. As Mr. SCHURZ pointed out in his late admirable speech before the Commonwealth Club, the refusal of the Senate to investigate the charges of illicit use of money in the election of Senator PAYNE, of Ohio, and the feeling that only rich men can now aspire to high office, has also done much to fix public attention upon the subject. The system of political assessments is largely responsible for the money corruption of our politics, because it was a system sustained by public opinion as reasonable, while it virtually sold the offices to the highest bidder. Nominations were determined by the known willingness of persons to pay large sums of money for the expenses of the election. It is by money collected by assessments, under this plea of necessary expenses, that the district associations and the whole detailed party machine is supported. This makes the system of captains and boys, and by reducing politics to the merest venal trade and dicker, enables elections to be carried by "deals," and the prime object of popular government, which is an honest expression of the public will, to be defeated.

The surest way to destroy the corrupt machine is to deprive it of the money raised upon the plea of necessary expenses; and this can be done at once by a law providing for the payment of all the necessary expenses of elections by the government. Mr. IVINS'S little manual upon *Machine Politics and Money in Elections in New York City* (HARPER & BROTHERS), and Mr. BISHOP'S paper upon the Assessments of Candidates, etc. (Evening Post Co.), are clear and conclusive statements both of the facts and the remedy. The Commonwealth Club has appointed a committee to draft a suitable bill. The Labor party in New York made the demand for a law for public payment of the expenses of election one of its "planks" during the late canvass. Such a law passed one House of the Michigan Legislature last winter. It is already the law in England and Australia, and its beneficent results are unquestionable.

Such a law, well drawn, would at once enable nominations to represent the real preferences of the party, it would deprive the political bummers and shysters of the lever by which they raise money for their own advantage, and it would immediately abolish the enormous corruption fund of every election. Moreover, by doing this, it would substantially destroy the machine, and leave a proper party organization with only the moderate amount of dishonesty which may be expected in such forms of activity. The passage and observance of such a law would be a most important result of the movement for civil service reform, which is simply another name for honest government and decent politics. The Legislature will undoubtedly have an opportunity to consider the subject, and any just and advantageous project for the benefit and relief of the people from the power of money in politics will, of course, encounter the hostility in every form of the "boodlers" and their allies.

CHOLERA AND THE QUARANTINE.

THE responsibility for the ignorance or the negligence which, in full view of the probable appearance of the cholera in the harbor of New York, should fail to provide effectively against it, is so great that it must not be lightly cast upon any man. The Health-officer at New York is the one man who is officially set to prevent the coming of the cholera, and the public has a right of the most vital kind to know how he has discharged his duty. In the first place, it is to be said for him that the first cases upon the *Alesia* appeared five or six weeks ago, at the end of September. Since then two other infected vessels have arrived, and as yet no case has been reported beyond the limits of the Quarantine. This is *prima facie* evidence of proper care. The reports published, however, and the statements made in regard to Quarantine, have drawn a reply from Dr. SMITH, the Health-officer.

It is to the effect that three years ago, when the cholera appeared in France, an appropriation for repairs at Quarantine was vetoed by the Governor. The Health-officer was apprehensive that the disease might develop among immigrant passengers from French ports, and he called the attention of the Commissioners of Quarantine "to the need of extensive repairs and improvements." That is a need, however, which should never exist at the New York Quarantine. An "extensive" need of such a kind should be always prevented. But the Commissioners had no funds. In the same summer the State Board of Health was informed that the accommodations for cholera patients were "incomplete and dilapidated." The State Board was unanimously surprised, but, apparently, could do nothing. Later in the same year, as the ravages of the pestilence in Europe increased, the Health-officer called a meeting of the foreign steamship companies, and stated the imminence of the danger. They subscribed a small sum, and some small repairs were made. In February, 1885, the Commissioners of Quarantine made an urgent appeal to the Legislature for an appropriation. A civil engineer said that $20,000 were needed, but the Legislature of 1887 granted $6000, and the Governor again vetoed the appropriation. During 1884, '85, and '86 no action, apparently, was taken, and in September, '87, the cholera arrived. But the Health-officer says that from the time a proper supply of water was secured the disease brought by the first vessel was "stamped out" in seven days, and he implies that nothing but his diligence and care saved the city and country from the cholera brought by the second vessel, of which the ship surgeon's record gave no indication whatever.

On the other hand, a committee of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia condemns "the imperfect manner" in which proper quarantine measures are carried out at the New York Quarantine, especially as concerns isolation and disinfection. This, however, is a question upon which opinions may differ. The serious criticism to be made seems to be that since 1884 the vital point at which the country was to be defended from cholera was known to the Health-officer to be dangerously weak. Nothing was done, despite his representations, to strengthen it. The Legislature reluctantly made an appropriation, and the Governor vetoed it. If the Quarantine Commission and the Health-officer had then made a statement of the situation to the public, something would have been done. It seems to us that it was their duty to take this course. The public knew of the exposure, but trusted to the Quarantine. The Commissioners and the Health-officer knew that the quarantine provisions were not adequate. When relief was denied, probably for political reasons, the responsibility should have been placed wherever it might belong. The Health-officer should not have assumed the duty of protecting the country against cholera with means that he knew to be inadequate. It was a mistake of judgment which thus far, fortunately, has not been followed by deplorable consequences. But if the new Legislature refuses a complete system of proper precautions, it will deserve universal condemnation.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. ANDREW S. DRAPER, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, recently delivered an address in the city before the Association of Women Teachers in the Grammar-schools. A few facts mentioned by him reveal the immense importance of the department over which he presides, and in the duties of which he has shown so intelligent an interest.

In 1850 the daily attendance upon the public schools in the city was 40,000; in 1886 it was 153,000. In 1850 the city employed 1338 teachers; in 1886 it employed 4598. The

cost of public education in the city in 1850 was $274,000; in 1886 it was more than $4,000,000. In 1850 the State spent for education $1,600,000; in 1886 it spent $14,000,000. The gross amount paid by the State for educational purposes from 1805 to 1845 inclusive was considerably less than the amount now paid every year for the same purposes. There are other interesting figures. There are more than 31,000 public teachers in the State, six or seven thousand of whom leave the service every year, and ninety-five per cent. of all the teachers are licensed by local boards or Commissioners.

The determination of teachers' qualifications is a point of vital interest to the success of the public-school system, and the scheme embodied in a law considered by the Legislature last winter was designed to secure and maintain a high standard of qualification. It was warmly supported by an immense majority of the school officers in the State, and although the bill did not pass, more than half of the School Commissioners in the State have voluntarily adopted a similar system, which is now in operation "in by far the greater number of districts in the State." The principle of the scheme is that the qualifications of teachers should not be determined by the employing authority, but by a wholly independent body or person, and that the examinations should be supervised by some central authority. This gives unity and coherency to the system, and provides for a uniform standard of qualification while it obviates the inevitable injury to the schools of appointment by personal or partisan interest. The voluntary adoption of so excellent a system is evidence of the general high character and sound judgment of the school officers of the State.

THE CITY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

By an oversight which we greatly regret we omitted last week to mention a valuable and instructive manual issued by the City Reform Club, a Record of Assemblymen and Senators from the city of New York in the Legislature of 1887. It will not be the fault of this club, which is of no party, and which is actuated only by public spirit, if the citizens of New York do not know precisely the character, business, and qualifications of the men who are nominated by the party machines, and for whom intelligent and decent citizens vote because they are "regularly nominated," and because a man "must vote with his party."

The book shows what a parody upon popular government is the selection of a large part of the legislative representatives of this city. The contrast between its representatives now and eighty and ninety years ago, when they were chosen from the chief inhabitants of the city, is very suggestive. And one thing is clear: so long as party management in the city continues to be what it is now, there will be an endless succession of precisely such candidates as are described in this manual presented to the voters; and so long as a regular nomination by their party is all that so-called good citizens desire to direct their votes, they will continue to be responsible for the danger and disgrace which such legislative representation implies.

There are, as the manual shows, some excellent representatives in the New York city delegation. But the great multitude are such as might be expected from the "practical" methods of our politics. It is the intention of the Reform Club to publish every year a similar record, including a sketch of the more important legislation of the session. Such a work faithfully done, like the present issue, will be an admirable force in politics, enabling every citizen at least to know what mischief his vote for the regular candidate may do. The Record is another valuable illustration of the diffusion of the intelligent and independent interest in politics, which is one of the most cheering signs of the times.

THE NEW FORM OF THE "EVENING POST."

The *Evening Post* is now eighty-six years old, and it is the most historic journal in the city. From the beginning it has been a positive public force, and its leadership and influence have been unquestionable. It was never more ably conducted than it is to-day. No journal in the country surpasses it in courage and in intellectual equipment, and none is more trusted for sincerity and independence in the discussion of public interests of every kind. Its recent change of form from the old "blanket sheet" to the convenient quarto will be universally acceptable. Typographically it has the old familiar aspect, and we are glad to think that its prosperity corresponds with its acknowledged desert.

AT MACON.

If after the acknowledgment of American independence Lord North, the ex-Minister of George the Third, had declaimed violently in support of the theory that England had a right to tax unrepresented America, he would have done a very untimely and foolish thing. But nobody would have waxed wroth over it, or supposed that it was more than an ebullition of personal feeling. This is the way in which the good sense of everybody who has heard of it has regarded the speech of ex-Minister Jackson at Macon, in Georgia, and the exaltation of the Confederate flag.

The question is settled. It is settled happily and finally. Mr. Lamar at Charleston expressed undoubtedly the general sentiment of the sincerest Confederates. Whatever may be the powers of a State under the Constitution, they do not include the right of secession. It was undoubtedly in some degree as an abstract proposition a debatable question before the war. Practically it was never a debatable question, because it involved the national existence. But debatable or not debatable, it is conclusively and forever adjusted.

Mr. Jackson thought fit to reopen it, and there was apparently a great display of feeling for Jefferson Davis and the Confederate flag. It was an outburst of sentiment. People who have risked life and all they have upon a cause in which they honestly believe, who have lost husbands, children, parents, friends, who have seen the total overthrow of a social and industrial system in which they were bred, and who, after a heroic and desperate contest, have acquiesced honorably in the result, and are known by their old foes so to have acquiesced, will not be taunted by sensible men with falsehood and treachery because they regard with profound feeling the symbols and the men that represent to them a struggle of which they are not ashamed, and in which every manly opponent acknowledges their devotion and valor. "No man in the North," said Senator Sherman at Nashville, last March, "questions the honesty of purpose or the heroism with which the Confederates maintained their cause."

JENNY LIND.

The death of Jenny Lind recalls the career which upon the whole is the most remarkable career of a public singer. Catalani, Malibran, Pasta, Sontag, and Grisi are famous names in the realm of song. They were all very accomplished dramatic artists and exquisite singers, and the traditions of their triumphs are still familiar. But Jenny Lind captured the heart and the admiration of two continents, and her personal impression as a woman was greater than that of any other singer. When she first came to this country there was a disposition among some of the *dilettanti* to patronize her as "quite a pleasant singer." But the popular enthusiasm which swept over the country soon overwhelmed this kind of disdain, and the feeling of the delighted thousands who heard her was blended of respect for the woman and enjoyment of her unparalleled powers.

There was the charm of the Northern genius in her presence and her art, and a certain domesticity of aspect and character won the sympathy of the great masses of "the plain people." She had what is called the "magnetism" of genius, and nothing in the annals of the opera is more memorable than her rendering of the "Und ob die Wolke from *Der Freischütz*, and the "Ah, non credea," from the *Sonnambula*. Not less remarkable was her singing in oratorio. The loftiness of feeling, the simplicity and religious rapture, the fulness and richness of voice with which she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were never rivalled by any singer known to us. But most delightful, and as it seemed most characteristic of all, was her singing of Northern melodies, songs of the shepherds and the fishers. Tennyson's bugle song describes the profound and undying spell of that music which haunted the hearer long, and still sounds and lingers in his enchanted memory.

For many years that voice has been silent. It is almost forty years since Jenny Lind left the stage, and more than thirty since she ceased to sing in public, except that in 1870 she sang for a few times in her husbands oratorio of *Ruth*. Her name has been seldom heard, but always associated with good works and always with kindly mention. The death of Madame Goldschmidt recalls the fascinating figure of those vanished years, and the imperishable charm of that pure character and beautiful genius.

FIRE-PROOF THEATRES.

As the season of the theatres opens, public interest in the safety of theatres re-awakens. The frequency of the most shocking disasters during the last few years has emphasized the public consciousness that a theatre is usually a very dangerous place of resort. After every catastrophe there is a momentary demand for legislation providing much greater security for human life in the construction of theatres. But the gust soon blows over, and rises again with the next calamity, to vanish as before.

Experience proves that such care in construction cannot be left to unrestrained individual action, and although the cost of theatres properly built would be larger, it is a cost which the community may properly require for its own safety. Mr. Henry Irving, who has returned to this country, we hope to renew his successes, after the terrible disaster at the Exeter Theatre in England last summer employed an architect to draw plans after Mr. Irving's designs of an absolutely fire-proof theatre. The architect thought it to be impracticable, until he studied the matter, and he then changed his opinion.

Mr. Irving is reported to have stated his general design of the theatre as follows:

"It is only one story high. The audience is mainly seated on the ground-floor, there being only one tier. The highest point reached by the audience is only twenty-four feet above the street level. There are two exits, one on each side of the house, to each and every section of the auditorium. No staircase for public use is less than five feet wide; no step is less than twelve inches wide or more than five inches high. There is a concrete ceiling to the auditorium. All the materials of construction are fire-proof. The auditorium is completely separated from the stage by automatic iron doors and an asbestos curtain running in grooves. Neither smoke nor flame could therefore, in case of fire, reach the audience. The theatre is lighted throughout by electricity, and warmed or cooled, as required, by special apparatus. The stage is separated from the dressing-rooms and passages by brick walls and automatic iron doors. The flymen have exits on each side by fire-proof staircases. There is a special smoke-shaft over the stage. There are two stage entrances. Every member of the audience has a comfortable seat with full view of the stage. The audience can leave the auditorium in less than one minute. Even panic would not be dangerous, as there are many and wide exits and easy inclines. The theatre would stand on an open space, and have carriage-ways all round it. The audience would be almost as safe as in the open air, and, humanly speaking, loss of life would be impossible."

There is no doubt that a theatre which was known to be practically fire-proof, and which was managed as Mr. Irving or any other proper director would manage it, would be the most popular resort of the kind in every city in which it was built.

THE LATE STATE LIBRARIAN.

The death of Dr. H. A. Homes, the State Librarian of New York, removes a very valuable officer. He was a well-trained scholar, with an admirable and comprehensive knowledge of books, and he was full of generous enthusiasm and pride in his vocation. The routine of service did not wither the freshness of his mind, nor impair his literary activity, nor his interest in current affairs. The simplicity of the scholarly nature kept him always young, and a pleasant gayety of humor softened the inevitable friction of affairs. Dr. Homes settled finally the doubtful question of the correct arms of the State; he was very active in securing important collections of documents, which he edited with care, and he made interesting translations from Oriental languages. For his many accomplishments Columbia College made him a Doctor of Laws. Under his charge the State Library became a large and important collection. The dignity, urbanity, and cheerfulness of his manner, his accurate and tenacious memory, his ready sympathy, his abounding knowledge, and a certain youthfulness of spirit united in making him a delightful companion, who will be always warmly remembered by his official associates and by the frequenters of the Library.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas Nast, the world-famous cartoonist of the Weekly, has been captured in Colorado by an enterprising manager, and began at Denver last week a course of lectures to be delivered during a tour extending to the Pacific coast. Mr. Nast had a most flattering reception in Denver, and his genius has been celebrated in prose and verse by the local press. The *Republican* pays this appropriate tribute to his pictorial triumphs: "In the mining camps of the far West, among the rancheros of Texas, or the lumbermen in the pine forests of the North, Nast's pictures are as keenly appreciated as in the most exclusive coteries of Philadelphia, or the autocrats of every Boston breakfast-table. Public wrong-doers of every kind have felt the poignancy of his satire, nor have the vices and follies of social life escaped castigation at his hands. Children are especial favorites with him, and hundreds of American boys and girls annually have reason to be grateful for his intercession in their behalf with Santa Claus for the toys and sweets which fall to their lot at Christmas-tide."

—Professor Charles S. Sargent, who occupies the chair of Arboriculture in Harvard University, and directs the Arnold Arboretum—the most complete and systematic collection of hardy trees and shrubs in the world—is at home again, busily engaged in preparing for the illustrated weekly journal of forestry, whose first number will appear early next year. The title of the new paper will be, *Sylva, a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Gardening, and Forestry*, and Professor Sargent's Census volume, with his other writings, are a guarantee that it will be of excellent quality from the outset. *Sylva* will be published in this city.

—The Charleston gala week, which closed on Saturday, was the happy conception of Captain John L. Weber, the Exchange editor of the *News and Courier*, whose photograph is given herewith, and to whose originality of design and ready grasp of opportunity the Charleston Carnival owed its existence. Captain Weber did not arrange the details of the festival, but had he not thought of it, the probabilities are that it would never have occurred. Preparations for the Charleston festival began more than two months ago, and were carried out with a completeness highly creditable to the energy of those intrusted with them. The results are indicated in the picture and descriptive article published in this number of the Weekly. No more gratifying evidence of the spirit of the New South has been given, even in these days of restored hope and confidence.

—Mr. E. L. Godkin, the editor of the *Evening Post*, which, by-the-way, must be complimented upon its eight-page form, lives during the summer and fall on a peninsula jutting out into the Sound, not far from New Rochelle, New York. The house occupied by Mr. Godkin is owned by Mr. Henry Holt, the publisher, and was originally a hotel, but has been remodelled, so that it is now a very comfortable and attractive place. Its situation, however, is its most striking feature, as its piazzas almost overhang the Sound, which just here has a picturesque and rocky coast. Mr. Godkin may be seen on almost any fine afternoon, mounted on a fine horse, cantering leisurely over the very bad roads that run through Westchester County.

—Mr. D. K. Pearson, a capitalist who lives near Chicago, has Peter Cooper's ideas in regard to the disposition of his wealth. He believes in executing his will during his lifetime. On a certain day recently he gave away $180,000 in charitable bequests. Mr. Pearson has no reason for thinking that death is near. He has only just turned sixty, is over six feet in height, and has the firm, elastic step of a man of thirty.

—Mr. Henry Irving says that his receipts were $180,000 for his recently closed season in London. When acting, Mr. Irving lives in rooms in New Bond Street, not far from his theatre; but his home is at Hammersmith, an hour's drive from there, where he occupies the house that was originally owned by Nell Gwynne, and more recently by the Batemans. A more beautiful home could scarcely be imagined. Mr. Irving spends very little time there, but the house is always open and in readiness for his visits.

—Mr. John W. Alexander, who stands in the front rank of American portrait painters, and whose work as an illustrator is familiar to the readers of Harper's periodicals, was married last Wednesday to Miss Elizabeth Swan Williamson, daughter of Mr. James W. Alexander, the Vice-President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. After a Southern trip Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will return to New York for the winter.

—In an article describing the rooms of the wealthy students at Harvard, that of J. Pierrepont Morgan, Jun., son of the New York banker, finds a conspicuous place. Just above the fireplace in this room a gun is suspended on a pair of antlers, and before the fireplace lies the skin of a huge bear; the mouth of the beast yawns at you from the opposite wall; and on another pair of antlers hang another gun, a cartridge belt, and a pair of beaded moccasins. Mr. Morgan has the reputation of being one of the hardest students in his class. His favorite study is chemistry, and in the room adjoining the study he has fitted up a laboratory. On the table stands a large microscope, with bottles, decanters, beakers, dishes, and strange-looking mixtures.

THE LATE JOHN MURRAY CARNOCHAN, M.D.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL NICHOLSON.

HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., BRITISH COMMISSIONER TO THE FISHERIES CONFERENCE.—[See Page 819.]

DR. CARNOCHAN.

The death of Dr. John Murray Carnochan, on Friday, October 28th, has removed a well-known and distinguished figure from the walks of New York life. F s death was sudden and quite unlooked-for. Dr. Carnochan was born in the city of Savannah on the 4th of July, 1817. His father was a Scotsman, who had become one of the wealthiest planters in Georgia. On his mother's side he was descended from Israel Putnam. At an early age he was taken by his father to Scotland; and after a visit paid to several members of his father's family, he was taken to Edinburgh, where he studied first in the High-School and afterward at the University, graduating with distinction. Edinburgh was then as now famous for its medical school; and outside of the University Knox was commanding crowds by his brilliant lectures on anatomy. Young Carnochan was attracted to medicine, but he did not complete his studies in Edinburgh. Returning to America, he placed himself under the celebrated Dr. Valentine Mott, at that time teaching with success in this city. Among his fellow-students was the late Dr. Darling. In 1841 he went to Paris, where he remained six years, walking the hospitals and attending the lectures of Ciriule, Lefranc, Roux, Velpeau, and others, and forming with some of them enduring friendships. In 1847 he returned to New York and commenced practice, almost immediately commanding attention, and even applause, by his daring and success as a surgical operator. In 1850 the Board of Emigration Commissioners was established. One of the first-fruits of the new arrangement was the hospital for immigrants on Ward's Island, and it was placed in charge of Dr. Carnochan. In the same year he was appointed Professor of Surgery in the Medical College of the University of New York.

Dr. Carnochan's name is associated with some very remarkable operations. His first published work was *A Treatise on the Etiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Congenital Dislocation of the Head of the Femur*. He was familiar alike with French and German, and made translations from both languages. In 1877 he began to publish in parts, through Harper & Brothers, *Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*. The book had advanced as far as parts X. and XI., which were published this year, and conclude the first series. The author had exhausted only half his data.

When John T. Hoffman became Governor of New York, he appointed Dr. Carnochan Health-officer of the Port. He held the office for two years. Dr. Carnochan was married in 1856 to Miss Estelle Morris, a daughter of General Morris, and a granddaughter of Lewis Morris, of Revolutionary renown. He is survived by his widow, his son, Gouverneur M. Carnochan, and four daughters, Mrs. Harriet Ludlow, Miss May, Miss Lilian, and Miss Estelle.

THE LATE ADMIRAL NICHOLSON.

Rear-Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson, who died at his residence in this city on the 28th ult., after an honorable and active career of over forty years in the navy, was distinguished in naval circles as a thorough seaman, a strict disciplinarian, and a patriot of the old *régime*, whose devotion to his country's flag never wavered in the most trying times. He was born in Massachusetts March 10, 1821, and entered the navy as a midshipman in February, 1838, but was not promoted to the rank of lieutenant until 1852, when he accompanied Commodore Perry on his Japanese expedition in the sloop of war *Vandalia*, and at one time was stationed on shore for several months with a guard to protect the foreign settlements during the Chinese rebellion. From 1857 to 1860 he was on duty on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade. In 1861 he was attached to the steamer *Pocahontas* when she sailed to the relief of Fort Sumter, but arrived too late, as the fort had surrendered. From that memorable date to the end of the war Lieutenant Nicholson was constantly employed on the most arduous duties. He took part in the battle of Port Royal, and participated in actions with the rebel fleet while in command of the steamer *Isaac Smith* on the Potomac; he assisted in the capture of Jacksonville, Fernandina, and St. Augustine, Florida; and while in command on the St. John's River he defeated with considerable loss a body of rebel infantry detailed to attack him. He was commissioned as Commander July 16, 1862, served in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron in 1864, and in the same year took command of the monitor *Manhattan*, in which he took part in the battle of Mobile Bay forts and the capture of the rebel ram *Tennessee*. On August 21st Fort Morgan surrendered to him, after a bombardment of six weeks. He was commissioned as Captain July 25, 1866, and as Commander November 8, 1873. From 1876 to 1878 he was commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, where he introduced several improvements which testify to the efficiency of his administration. On October 1, 1881, he was made Admiral, and nine days afterward he sailed from New York on the man-of-war *Lancaster* to take command of the European station. Arriving in the harbor of Alexandria, he found the British naval forces under Admiral Seymour on the point of bombarding the city, and having immediately notified the American consulate of the fact, he was overrun with refugees seeking his protection. After the bombardment, fires raged in the city for two days and nights, and Admiral Nicholson, who had meanwhile moved outside the bar with his squadron, recrossed the bar, and sent to the Khedive to request permission to re-establish the consulate. The Khedive granted the request, and begged that the Admiral would aid in extinguishing the fires, and also in preserving order. Admiral Nicholson thereupon landed a force of sailors and marines under the command of the present Commander Goodrich, who at once proceeded to use his men in extinguishing the fires and stopping pillage. Subsequently, when this force was reduced, it was left on shore under the command of the present Lieutenant-Commander C. T. Hutchins, who successfully prosecuted the good work begun by Commander Goodrich. Admiral Nicholson's good offices to the foreign element of Alexandria on this occasion won him the thanks of several governments which had no naval force on the scene, and he was presented by the King of Sweden with a handsome gold medal.

The deceased Admiral was retired, at the age of sixty-two, March 10, 1883, two-thirds of his long and active career having been spent at sea. When placed upon the retired list he was the last representative in the navy of a family eminent in the naval history of the country—a family that for more than one hundred years had not been without one or more of its members in the United States navy. He was buried with military honors in Woodlawn Cemetery.

JENNY LIND AS SHE APPEARED IN AMERICA IN 1850.—[See Page 815.]

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER AS FAUSTINE DE BRESSIER.—[See Page 823.]

CHARLESTON—CELEBRATION OF HER RECOVERY FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.—From a Photograph by Cook.—[See Page 818.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

SISTER AND BROTHER.

For a fortnight after Phœbe reached the haven of love in Camden Town she lay between life and death. It was only when she felt herself out of danger that her strength gave way. The strain of the last few months in Parksides produced a dangerous illness, and for many days her life was despaired of. How tenderly was she nursed! What treasures of love surrounded her! She was not left alone a minute by day and night. Now it was Aunt Leth who watched by her bedside, now it was Fanny, now it was Uncle Leth. In some dim way she was conscious of this spiritual comfort, and it helped her recovery. On the twelfth day the doctors proclaimed her to be out of danger.

The Lethbridges could ill afford the expenses of her sickness. There was the regular family doctor to be paid; there were the fees of the celebrated physician who was called in, and who came in a carriage and pair, with two footmen; there were the prescribed delicacies to be provided for. It was all done cheerfully and with full-hearted affection. Sacrifices were made; money was raised upon such small articles of jewelry as they possessed, even Uncle Leth's old-fashioned watch went, and not a murmur passed their lips, not a regretful thought at the loss of these treasures crossed their minds. They had but one hope, but one desire—that they might succeed in saving their beloved girl. It was granted them, and she sat in a dressing-gown in the dear little parlor, the very walls of which were sanctified in her eyes.

They did not dare to speak to her of her father, nor did she refer to him; but it needed no words from her to make them understand the cruel torture and oppression which, prolonged for a few weeks longer, would have brought death or madness to her. When she was convalescent her actions were pitiful: she clung to them; her hands were forever seeking theirs; her eyes constantly travelled to the dear ones who were ministering to her, and whose eyes never rested on her pale face without a tender, cheery smile.

Fred Cornwall came daily, morning and evening, with flowers and jellies and things which it was not possible for her to eat. He had not been allowed to see her yet; but he always left his constant love for his dear girl, and messages which it would have occupied an hour to deliver. When Phœbe was sensible and strong enough, these messages, in a reasonable form, were conveyed to her, and her relatives were surprised at the grave pleasure with which she received them. The heavenly delight which fills a young girl's heart when, in a time of bitter trouble, she is assured that her lover is true to her was not expressed in her face. Pleasure she felt; but it was a thoughtful pleasure in which there seemed to be an element of pain.

"He is true to you! he is true to you!" whispered Fanny to her. "Oh! you should see him, Phœbe. Except my dear father, there is not a better man in the whole wide world."

"I am sure," said Phœbe, quietly, "that Mr. Cornwall is a good man, and my earnest hope is that he will be happy."

"Phœbe!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Not *Mr.* Cornwall—Fred—your own dear Fred!" Phœbe did not reply, and Fanny continued: "He is certain to be happy, with you!"

And still Phœbe made no reply. Fanny was greatly disturbed, and she told her mother privately that she was convinced there was something on Phœbe's mind with respect to Fred.

"Do not worry her or argue with her," Aunt Leth said. "Remember the sufferings she has endured, and leave it to herself to confide in us. Time will bring happiness to her bruised heart."

"Ask her to see Fred, mamma."

"She will see him this evening, my dear; she told me so; and I have written a note to him desiring him to come early."

"Then everything will be right," said Fanny. "Mamma, is it not strange that we do not hear from her father? He must know that Phœbe is with us."

"He does know, Fanny. I wrote to him, but I have not received a reply."

"I am glad of it. Phœbe is now entirely ours, and will live with us all her life—that is, till she marries Fred."

Fred Cornwall arrived early in the afternoon, and Aunt Leth opened the door for him.

"She will see me, Aunt Leth?" he said, eagerly.

"Yes, Fred. She wishes to see you alone. You must be very gentle and quiet with her."

"Indeed I will be that. Here is some jelly, the kind she likes best."

"Thank you, Fred. Wait a moment in the dining-room. Fanny is with her, and I must call her away."

Presently Fred Cornwall entered the room in which Phœbe was sitting. She looked at him gratefully and tenderly; an angelic spirit of resolution was depicted in her face.

"Phœbe, my darling Phœbe!" he murmured, as he sat by her side and took her hand; and then he was overcome by her delicate, fragile appearance, and it was as much as he could do to prevent the tears running down his face.

She gently disengaged her hand.

"Why do you take your hand away, Phœbe? Let me hold it. Give it to me of your own free-will."

"No, Mr. Cornwall," she said, in a low, sweet tone. "I cannot—I must not."

Again "Mr. Cornwall"! He looked at her reproachfully.

"Do you no longer love me, Phœbe, that you are so changed toward me?"

She was compelled to pause before she could answer him.

"You must not ask me to reply to that question," she then said—"for pity's sake!"

"I *must* ask you," he said, impetuously. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Phœbe! Aunt Leth enjoined upon me to be gentle with you, and here am I forgetting! But Phœbe, dear Phœbe, *my* Phœbe—consider! I implore you to consider! You gave me your heart, as I have given you mine. Have I done anything to forfeit your love?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Why, then, are you so strange to me? Why have you altered so?"

"I am not altered to you," she said.

"Then you love me still!" he cried.

"Will you listen to me?" she asked. "I have been trying to strengthen myself for this meeting, and you must not weaken me. No; do not kiss me! There is something that *must* be told—that you *must* hear!"

"I will listen to you, my darling—mine, and no other man's. You do not love another, Phœbe?"

"No, Fred." She was not aware that she had uttered the dear name.

"I am happy," he said. "Go on, my dear."

Then she told him of the oath her father had extracted from her that she would not marry without his consent, and said that, with that oath upon her conscience, she could not expect Fred to be bound to her.

"To receive you as my lover," she said, "would be, to my mind, as if I am spiritually breaking the oath I have sworn. It would make me feel guilty; it would lower me in my own esteem; it would be paltering with my conscience."

"When you took the oath, Phœbe," said Fred Cornwall, immensely relieved, but at the same time perplexed, by the revelation, "you were not aware what you were binding yourself to?"

"I was not aware of it," she said. "My father spoke so kindly to me, and seemed to regard you with such favor, that I thought he intended to sanction our engagement. But he may not have known what was in my mind, as assuredly I did not know what was in his. It is not for me to say, and you must not press me. I am striving to do what is right. Help me to do it! I am bound by my oath. Without my father's consent I cannot marry you; he will never give it, and while he lives we can be nothing to each other. I have thought of it—oh, so seriously!—and I have decided in what I believe to be the right way. If in the future I am ever in your mind, I wish you to think of me with respect."

"Through all the future that is before me," said Fred, "you will be ever in my mind, and I shall ever think of you with respect. If my love needed strengthening, what you have said would strengthen it; but it can never be stronger, more devoted, more complete than it is; nothing can make it so; and nothing can weaken it. Give me your hand, Phœbe." She looked at him pleadingly. "Give me your hand, Phœbe." She gave it to him. "I swear to you solemnly, on my honor as a man, on my faith as a Christian, that I will never marry another woman. May misfortune pursue and overtake me quickly if I ever prove false to the love I have given you! Have you anything to say to me, Phœbe?"

She understood him. He had given her a solemn pledge. He had a right to a similar pledge from her.

"If I do not marry you," she said, "I will never marry. Though we may be parted for life, I will be true to the love I have given you. And now"—she held out her arms imploringly—"strengthen me, Fred!"

He rose, and stood apart from her, with his face averted. Presently he resumed his seat by her side.

"Until a happier day arrives," he said, taking her unresisting hand, "we will not meet as lovers. We are brother and sister. Kiss me, Phœbe."

She kissed him, and he kissed her. Thus the faithful compact was made.

Before the week was at an end, Fred wrote the following letter to Miser Farebrother:

"Sir,—Your daughter has told me of the oath she took that she will never marry without your consent. She feels herself bound by this oath, and will adhere to it. Thus, while you live, a life of unhappiness is before her, if you refuse to give your consent to our

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

union. She loves me, and I love her with a most perfect love. We have pledged ourselves anew to each other, but are both clear upon the point that we cannot be wed without your sanction. I ask, I implore, you to give it. I am not a rich man; but I have a good position, and the prospect of a prosperous future is before me. My family is a family of standing, and is honored and respected. If you will permit me, I will send you credentials of my character, with which you cannot fail to be satisfied. Into my union with your daughter the question of money does not enter. We shall be satisfied to work our way without help from you in a money shape, either now or hereafter. To this I am prepared to bind myself by written document; and all that a man can do to make the woman he loves happy, that I will do to the utmost extent of my power. Respectfully and humbly, I beg of you to release your daughter from her oath, and to bestow upon her a happiness for which she and I will be ever grateful. I remain, sir, faithfully and obediently yours,

"Frederick Cornwall."

The letter was despatched, and day after day Fred looked eagerly for an answer to it. But none came.

There arrived, however, at Aunt Leth's house a paper for Phœbe, in her father's writing. It was not signed, nor was she addressed in it by name. This was its purport:

"I have received from a certain Mr. Frederick Cornwall a letter in which he asks me to release you from a solemn oath you voluntarily took, and to give my consent to your marriage with him. This I will never do, nor will I ever release you from your oath. In that oath was comprised a daughter's duty to her father—a duty you have wilfully and systematically neglected and failed to perform. Your guilty desires can only be accomplished by my death. When you are prepared to obey me in the one wish of my life, you can come to me—not until then."

CHAPTER XLII.

JEREMIAH IN TRIBULATION.

Jeremiah Pamflett, owing the book-maker with whom he made his bets at Doncaster over three thousand pounds, very soon made the disagreeable discovery that Captain Ablewhite had played him false. He had made no arrangement with the book-maker to give Jeremiah time to settle, and Jeremiah himself personally was compelled to arrange with the man to whom he owed so large an amount of money. He found it no easy task. The book-maker bullied and blustered and threatened exposure, and the result was that Jeremiah had to part not only with acceptances of his own by which he was bound to pay sums at stated periods, but also with all the securities he held on his own account from persons with whom he had had private business. Among these acceptances was Mr. Lethbridge's for three hundred pounds, which Jeremiah had discounted for Kiss and the dramatic author, and which in a very short time would be due.

The terror of this acceptance weighed most heavily upon Uncle Leth. As the day approached upon which it was necessary it should be paid, his terror increased to an almost unbearable pitch. He had written to Jeremiah Pamflett asking for renewal, and the answer he received was to the effect that the acceptance was in the hands of another person, and that it would have to be paid on the day of maturity. The reason of Uncle Leth writing this letter to Jeremiah was that in interviews with Kiss and Mr. Linton they mournfully declared their inability to raise the smallest sum to help Uncle Leth in his difficulty. They were overwhelmed with self-reproaches, but this did not help Uncle Leth in his difficulty, nor stave off impending ruin. Uncle Leth had succeeded in discovering the name of the man who held the bill; he had appealed to him in vain for renewal. "The acceptance will have to be met," said the book-maker. "If it is not, I shall sell you up. I have ascertained that you hold a responsible position in a bank. Ask the manager to advance you the money if you happen to be short yourself."

To ask the bank manager to assist him in paying an acceptance held by a racing man would be to ask for his dismissal. It would be tantamount to a confession that he had been indulging in that worst of vices—betting on horses.

Uncle Leth had confided to his wife, and she, although she strove to comfort him, was terrified at the prospect. She had thought of Fred Cornwall, but she knew, from the young man's own indirect admissions, that he was not in a position to assist them. He knew nothing of the acceptance, and therefore could make no reference to it in his confidences with Aunt Leth. "It is an uphill fight," he had said cheerfully to her; "but I shall come out a victor in the end. At present, dear Aunt Leth, it is a tight fit." After this how could she make an appeal to him to help them out of their trouble? Meanwhile the day was approaching nearer and nearer.

It was Tuesday. On Wednesday, the following day, the acceptance was due, and Uncle Leth would have to meet it or go to the wall. The dear old home would be sold up, and they would be turned into the streets. The tears that ran down Aunt Leth's face were like tears of blood from her heart.

On this Tuesday it was that consternation seized upon Jeremiah Pamflett, and furious anger raged in Miser Farebrother's heart. The cause of these emotions was a newspaper article, which is here transcribed. It was headed:

"A Strange Affair—The Biters Bit."

"A singular discovery has just come to light, and is in the hands of the police. Everybody is acquainted with the name of the wealthy miner from California, Mr. Quinlan, whose income is said to be not less than half a million a year. His name and his doings have been for a long time past in everybody's mouth. He is of humble origin, and his eccentricities may be accounted for by the fact of his having come into a marvellous fortune, the spending of the income of which would be a tax upon the ablest man in creation. It may be remembered that his wife died a couple of years since, and that last year he contracted a second marriage with an indifferent actress, whose extravagances in her new position have drawn attention to her in every city she and her husband have visited. The finest horses, the finest equipages, the finest dresses, the finest diamonds, the finest everything, in short, that cost vast sums of money. There came to the ears of Mrs. Quinlan and her too-generous husband that a diamond bracelet of rare—nay, of fabulous—value was in the market. The stones were of a monstrous size and of the purest color. The price asked for this bracelet was no less than sixty thousand pounds. The stones alone, if sold singly, were valued by experts at considerably more than thirty thousand. To obtain possession of an ornament so rare and costly was a natural desire on the part of Mrs. Quinlan, and to her husband was a bagatelle. What are sixty thousand pounds to a man upon whom money continues to roll in a manner so bewildering? The upshot of the negotiations was that the bracelet was purchased and paid for, and Mrs. Quinlan the happy possessor.

"About four weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan, with their retinue and treasures, arrived at the Langham Hotel, with the intention of stopping there for two or three days. But fate willed it otherwise. Mrs. Quinlan was taken ill, and was confined to her bed. So serious was her illness that she was a prisoner in her bedroom for more than three weeks. Mr. Quinlan did not remain in attendance upon her the whole of this time. He had business which took him frequently to Paris and other places; consequently, for a greater part of the time during which his wife was suffering, he was an absentee.

"Among Mrs. Quinlan's serving-women was one of great attractions, and who was a special favorite with her mistress. This young woman's name is Alice Frost. She had the entire confidence of her mistress, and, as events have proved, was unworthy of it. To her was intrusted, during Mrs. Quinlan's sickness, the charge of the lady's jewels, which were kept in a very substantial safe in Mrs. Quinlan's bedroom. It was often impressed upon Mrs. Quinlan that she was imprudent to carry so much valuable property about with her; but she disregarded these hints, and took her pleasures in her own way. One of these pleasures, in the course of her illness, was to have all her jewels and ornaments spread out before her on her bed, and to handle and gaze upon them. We hold that she was sensible in this, for what is the use of buried treasure? The servant who took these priceless gems from the safe for the inspection of her mistress was Alice Frost.

"Suddenly Alice Frost disappears. She is not discharged, she is not sick, she is not in disgrace; she simply disappears. Mrs. Quinlan, much distressed at the loss of so great a favorite, calls in a private detective. He listens to all that Mrs. Quinlan can impart to him, and when she has finished, remarks, 'She has run away.'

"'Impossible,' says Mrs. Quinlan. 'Why should she run away? Somebody has carried her off. She is very good-looking.'

"Says the detective, 'She had charge of your jewelry?'

"'To some extent,' says Mrs. Quinlan. 'But it is all kept in the safe there.'

"'Would you have any objection to our looking through it,' says the detective, 'and seeing that nothing is missing?'

"'No objection whatever,' says Mrs. Quinlan.

"Whereupon the safe is unlocked, and the treasures laid forth. With one exception it is all correct. Nothing is missing but the wonderful diamond bracelet. That is gone.

"'It accounts,' remarked the detective, 'for the disappearance of Alice Frost.'

"Mrs. Quinlan fell back speechless, and when she recovered bade the detective track Alice Frost and the sixty-thousand-pound bracelet.

"What has been discovered is this: Alice Frost disappeared one Friday night. Presumably the diamond bracelet also disappeared at the same time.

"What occurred in or about the Langham Hotel on that night which may afford a clew to the discovery of the robber or robbers?

"On that night the policeman on duty observed a man walking on the opposite side of the road for a space of a couple of hours. This man did nothing but walk slowly up and down, keeping as much as possible in the dark, and looking for some person he was waiting for. The policeman on duty passed him on three occasions, and although the man endeavored to avoid him, he obtained a good view of his features. He will be able to recognize the man.

"At half past eleven a woman came out of the Langham, and went over to the man. The policeman on duty saw this movement, but is not sure that he will be able to identify the woman. Of the man he *is* sure.

"The woman spoke to the man behind his back. The man did not turn his face. She slipped a parcel into his hands, and walked rapidly away. Almost immediately the man was joined by another in an Inverness cape, and the two walked away together. The policeman on duty saw nothing more of them. From the manner in which they walked away together there is no doubt that they were intimately acquainted with each other. Plainly, that they were confederates. So far, the policeman; now for the next evidence.

"As near as the cabman can remember, driver of a four-wheeler, it was within a few minutes of midnight that a man hailed him and bade him come along. They went a couple of hundred yards and took up a man in an Inverness cape. The man who hailed the driver gave him half a sovereign 'on account,' and directed him to drive along the Finchley Road. He did so, and observed while he was driving that the men inside the cab were lighting matches, which proves that they were examining something—probably the diamond bracelet. After driving about an hour he was called upon to stop, and before he had pulled up his horse the man in the Inverness cape jumped out of the cab and disappeared. Then he was directed to drive back to London, and he did so, stopping, by orders, in Portland Place. The man who hailed him first (now the only one remaining in the cab) alighted, and the cabman noticed that he had a parcel in his hand. Again the diamond bracelet. The cabman asked for a few shillings more, reminding his fare that the half-sovereign given to him was 'on account.' The man said that he was well paid, and refused to part with anything further. The cabman began to argue with him, but the man did not stop; he ran off. The cabman's description of his fare tallies with that of the policeman on duty at the Langham Hotel. The cabman will be able to identify him.

"In some way which we are not at liberty to divulge, but in which we may say the good-looking Alice Frost is concerned, the disappearance of a blackleg going by the name of Captain Ablewhite bears upon the robbery. It is known that this Captain Ablewhite took the night train on the following Tuesday to Dover. Nothing further is at present discovered of him.

"Now comes the piquant feature in the robbery.

"To Mr. Quinlan, who arrived at the Langham Hotel after the discovery of the robbery, the detective narrated all the particulars of the affair. Mr. Quinlan laughed. His wife asked him what he was laughing at.

"'My dear,' he said to her, 'the loss is not so great as you suppose. Your diamond bracelet is safe.'

"'Safe!' she cried.

"'Here it is.' He pulled it from his pocket. 'The fact is, you would not be persuaded that it was imprudent to travel with so much valuable property about you, and I therefore took the precaution of having a bracelet made exactly like this. *All the stones in the bracelet that is stolen are false.*'

"An agreeable contemplation for the robbers. The biters are bit.

"The affair is in the hands of the detectives in Scotland Yard, who are confident that they will be able to track the robbers."

This newspaper article it was that struck consternation to the heart of Jeremiah Pamflett. He turned hot and cold. First he was clammy; the next moment he broke out into a hot perspiration. He had been swindled, tricked, betrayed; he, a wretched, depraved thief, had fallen amongst thieves. He, the sharper, had been sharped. Truly, the biter was bit.

What should he do? How was he to act in order to insure his safety? The policeman who had been on duty at the Langham Hotel on that Friday night said that he could identify him. The cabman he had engaged said the same. If he had had a sufficient sum of money he would have flown the country, but he had been compelled on that day to make a payment to the book-maker who held his acceptances for his losses at Doncaster, and he had not enough left to pay his fare to the Continent. And what would be the use of his going there if he had? He could not live without money; he did not understand a word of any other language than English; and then he would be sure to be tracked and brought back. His flight would make it worse for him; it would be an admission of guilt. Should he stop and brave it out? Upon reflection he gained a little courage. He argued with himself, despite the policeman's and the cabman's declarations that they could identify him, that it was scarcely possible they could do so unless he betrayed himself. He had been at great trouble to conceal his features from the policeman's scrutiny, and it only required him to put a good face on the matter to brazen it out; to so confuse the man, even if he came into contact with him, that he would pass unnoticed. But there was no occasion for him to come into contact with the policeman. He would keep out of the way, and the affair would blow over. Captain Ablewhite would not, could not, come back. The mere thought of Captain Ablewhite roused him to fury. He looked blindly round for something to strangle. If the bland, smiling Captain were before him now! If he could meet him in some dark place! All surrounding objects seemed to be swimming in blood.

He ran into his bedroom, and filling the wash-hand basin with cold water, plunged his head into it. The action recalled him to his calmer self. Notwithstanding which, he said aloud, with a cunning smile, "I may find you one day, my Captain, and then, and then!" He clinched his hand and opened it, and twined his fingers, as though he had them on Captain Ablewhite's throat.

But there was no telling whether he was in danger or not. What it was imperatively necessary he should get possession of at once was money, in order to be prepared. Where could he get it from? Ah, his mother!

He would go down to Parksides immediately. Perhaps he might find Miser Farebrother's hidden treasure.

He emerged into the streets. As he descended the stairs he saw before him a vision of blood. Two men struggled for life and death. The house was very quiet. Only he and the *other man* occupied space. He tore at the Shadow's throat, he took a knife from his pocket, he plunged it in—

Blood, blood everywhere! Above him, beneath him, around him. Again and again the knife descended. What a delight to punish an enemy so! You tricked me, you robbed me, you laid snares for me! Take that—and that—and that!

He laughed aloud before he went into the street, and then he put on a smug face.

There were a number of persons walking this way and that, but not one took the slightest notice of him. He nodded to a passing acquaintance, who nodded back at him, and smiled. He was safe. What cause was there for fear?

In the sunlight the vision of blood vanished. He was face to face with the world, and his native cunning asserted itself.

Then he thought he was going down to Parksides to see his mother. He would have to see Miser Farebrother. He must have some excuse for the visit. He retraced his steps and went back to the office, arming himself with account-books, which he took up indiscriminately and made into a parcel, tying it up with string—

The string was red! Miser Farebrother's offices were very gloomy; the windows had been frosted, so that no person should see through; a strange silence prevailed.

As he tied the books together with the string, a streak of blood appeared, stretched itself along the table, and dropped, drip by drip, on the floor. Jeremiah held himself in suspense to listen to it. Drip, drip, drip!

Captain Ablewhite's blood. The policeman's blood. The cabman's blood. Anybody's blood who was his enemy.

Yes, he would crush the life out of them. Like this, like this, like this! He ground his foot into the floor, and looked down, smiling. Then, locking the doors and putting the keys into his pocket, he went slowly down the stairs.

How long a time was he getting to the street landing? There were not many stairs; but all the way down he was engaged in the life and death struggle, and all the space around was bathed in blood. A ruthless ferocity was awakened within him. His safety, his liberty, his very life was at stake. What mattered all else? "Every man for himself, and—"

He paused at the next word, "God," against which he mentally strove, and conquering it, cast a defiant look at the pulsing, bloody shadows which encompassed him, and threw the street door open.

Once more in the sunlight—and safe. That was the great point. And safe! He called a cab, a four-wheeler, and looked the driver straight in the face; then laughed, and directed the man to drive him to the railway station.

[to be continued.]

THE CHARLESTON CARNIVAL.

The week beginning October 31 was celebrated in Charleston as a gala week in honor of the rebuilding of the city and the re-establishment of its business after the ruin wrought by the earthquakes of August, 1886. Holding a festival for such a purpose is novel in this country, but happily the experience that led to it is also most exceptional, and Charleston has ample reason for rejoicing. Last year, in spite of earthquake shocks that had not ceased up to about a month ago, it did a business amounting to more than $66,000,000, and to-day there is not in all the New South a more flourishing city than this same old cradle of secession. There has not been during the past year more than one or two insignificant commercial failures there. The cotton receipts have been larger than for two or three years. The banks hold more than $3,000,000 on deposit, and there is on every hand the evidence of vigorous and active commercial life. Real estate is higher than it was before the earthquake. The finances of the municipality were never in better condition. The city securities command a handsome premium on the market, and investments of capital yield a certain and remunerative return. Charleston to-day is one of the soundest commercial cities in the South.

Perfect weather day and night started the Jubilee, and the streets were decorated and illuminated to an extraordinary extent. Visitors pouring into the town from all directions kept up the excitement and enthusiasm. The Northeastern, South Carolina, Charleston, and Savannah and other railroads found their accommodations taxed to the utmost, and as tidings of what was going on spread from the sea back to the mountains, other multitudes flocked in. Quite remarkable was the absence of certain staple attractions of such occasions, like industrial fairs, cut-and-dried addresses, and so on; it was a thoroughly local celebration too, with mainly home-made means of merry-making, and with politics and military pomp alike tabooed.

The trades' display of Tuesday night, with its picturesque floats, was witnessed by perhaps 60,000 people, while the streets on its route were covered with Chinese lanterns and aglow with Greek fire. On Wednesday the aeronaut King made a balloon ascent, and at night a fine display of fireworks was given at the Colonial Lake. Thursday's entertainments included a pilot-boat race in the harbor, won by the *Sophie K.*, of Charleston, over the *Peerless*, of the same port, and the *Leo* and the *Scheper*, of Beaufort. A target match with shot-guns, and running and trotting matches, also came off, while at night the Fire Department gave an exhibition drill, with a run of their steam-engines through King Street. A torchlight masquerade followed, Governor Richardson riding at the head of the procession, with other State officers, escorted by a hundred commercial travellers in linen dusters with gripsacks. Some of the companies were in petticoats, and many fantastic costumes were worn. Friday night was set apart for the aquatic carnival, with a procession of illuminated boats winding through the harbor, while Forts Sumter,

Moultrie, and Ripley, and Castle Pinckney were flooded with light. Races in row-boats, canoes, and tubs, a prize contest of brass bands, a base-ball match, and excursions to the forts and phosphate works were on the week's programme. The shop-keepers profited by the influx of strangers, who took the opportunity given by the reduced railroad rates to visit Charleston and make purchases. In short, the gala week was successful, as it deserved to be, in a city which had showed such pluck and energy in rising from its great calamity, and had already more than repaired its disasters.

KATIE'S ANSWER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"I TOLD ye last night, Mike, I'd marry ye niver,
And ye'll find that a woman will mean what she'll say;
It's thruth ye'l' get always. Thin no, no forivер;
Wid a woman's decision I says it to-day.
And sure if such throuble ye really can't bear it,
Thin ye've only to tell it to Bridget or Sue,
And Molly and Dolly are achin' to share it:
They'll always adore ye whativer ye do.

"Of one thing I'm certain, in all of my bein'
That of jealousy, sure now, there isn't a spark;
But jist to amuse me, I'd like to be seein'
Where ye goes when so often ye're out on a lark.
Ye don't know no grammar—I couldn't abide it,
For I'd niver no throuble with grammar, not I—
Nor writin'—it's thrue that ye niver have thried it;
But thin, Michael, sure how can ye tell till ye thry?

"Last Sunday at vespers—we always on Sunday,
Jist exceptin' last Friday, have vespers at dark—
Pat said with a chuckle, he'd warrant it one day
Wid yer pen in yer fingers ye'd yet make yer mark.
What? 'Pat's a rude fellow?' Sure, Michael, ye're jealous:
As I thinks of it now through my mimory runs,
So good to his grandmother—so they all tell us—
For he's jist her one grandson, exceptin' two sons.

"And what if I married yees! Sure when wid silence
I wud meet yer wild doin's ye're blind to my cries,
Ye're dancin' and fiddlin' in taverns a mile hence;
Arrah, Mike, that's as plain as yer face to my eyes!
What, Michael? 'That's false now? Ye niver were willin'?
And not when ye're married no matter how long?
Of late ye've left early? It's thruth ye're a-tellin'?'
Thin it's all I can say is the thruth's in the wrong!

"One night at yer mother's—ye'd niver dare tell her
That ye'd been so unruly, ungallant, and bold—
I'd brought—it was pourin'—me oldest umbrella
(For I hadn't a new one exceptin' the old):
What kind of a man, sure, wud ye be to marry!
Home ye sint me alone—ah, I'll niver forget—
Ye gave me meself me umbrella to carry,
Sayin', 'Kate, there's no good in us both to get wet'!

"I haven't a cint in the world, and there's why, sir,
Sure I haven't as much as a pig to my name.
'And ye haven't either? That's so much the nicer,
For thin niver the other the other can blame?'
What's this? 'Won't I marry yees?' Niver, och, niver!
And when once ye've persuaded a woman to speak
It's thruth ye'll get always. Thin no, no forivеr!
It is *no*, Mike, I tell ye!"—*They married that week.*

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

THE FISHERIES CONFERENCE.

THE most persistent question of controversy the government of the United States has ever had is that of the fisheries in the waters adjacent to certain British North American coasts, which is soon to be the subject of a conference at Washington. In Article III. of the treaty of peace of 1783 it was stipulated that the fishermen of the United States should have the "right" to fish on the Grand and all the other banks of Newfoundland and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the "liberty" to take fish on the coast of Newfoundland and all other coasts of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and it was also provided that the American fishermen should "have the liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador" as long as the same should remain unsettled.

The enjoyment of these rights, or "liberties," was suspended by the war of 1812; and when, that conflict being over, the American fishermen attempted to enter into the use of them again, the British Government objected on the ground that the war had put an end to the treaty. Prior to the war of 1812 the advantages possessed by the American fishermen in the prosecution of their business in British jurisdiction had provoked complaints on the part of British subjects. At that time many of the British fishing vessels come over to the provinces from England; and they generally found the best drying and curing places on the coasts preoccupied by the American fishermen, whose proximity enabled them to get the start of their British rivals. This circumstance no doubt materially contributed to induce the British Government to maintain the position that the war of 1812 put an end to Article III. of the Treaty of 1783. While denying that there was any exception to the rule that war abrogates treaties, the British Government also contended that their position was sustained by the terms of the article, which, it was argued, was divisible into two parts; the one recognizing the "right" of the American fishermen to fish on the high seas, and the other granting them the "liberty" to fish, and to dry and cure fish, within the British jurisdiction. The latter, it was contended, was a mere privilege, derived from the Treaty of 1783 alone, and ceasing with its abrogation.

The position of the United States was that the treaty of 1783 was a convention of separation, partition, and settlement, for the division between two countries of property formerly held and enjoyed by them in common when under the same sovereign, and that, having this character, and not containing "grants" of rights and privileges from the mother country to the United States, the treaty was permanent in its character and not subject to termination by war. The fisheries, it was also said, had been wrested from France and developed mainly by the valor and industry of the colonists, and became, under the treaty of peace, a part of their acknowledged independence. In this relation those interested in the fisheries never tired of quoting from Burke's great "Speech on Conciliation with America," made in 1775, the following eloquent words:

"No sea but what is vexed by their [the colonists'] fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils; neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things—when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection—when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me—my rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

Although the controversy between the United States and Great Britain respecting the fisheries sprung up before the Treaty of Ghent, which provided for the termination of the war of 1812, and was waged in a spirited manner in the negotiations which preceded its signature, that convention contained no reference to the subject, the plenipotentiaries of the contracting parties having been unable to reach any basis of agreement. From 1815 to 1818 was a period of great irritation. General orders were issued by the British Admiralty to seize American vessels found fishing in British waters, and some orders were issued which even went further. Many vessels were seized on various pretexts, and the diary of John Quincy Adams shows how hopeless became the effort of either side to obtain from the other an admission of its claims. To end the dispute there was concluded on the 20th of October the convention commonly known as the treaty of 1818, by Article I. of which the United States "renounced forever" any liberty theretofore enjoyed by their inhabitants "to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included" in certain limits previously described, in which it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the United States should have that "liberty" "forever" in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. The American negotiators, who were Albert Gallatin and Richard Rush, have frequently been attacked for making an unnecessary concession in the renunciation above described. The reasons for it were stated by Mr. Rush, in an appendix to his *Residence at the Court of London*, to be as follows: "Neither side yielded its convictions to the reasoning of the other. This being exhausted, there was no resource left with nations disposed to peace but a compromise. Great Britain grew willing to give up something. The United States consented to take less than the whole." After a compromise was agreed on, the employment of the term "renounce," which the British negotiators did not wish to admit, was insisted upon by the American plenipotentiaries in reference to what they had given up, for reasons stated by Mr. Rush as follows:

"(1) To exclude the implication of the fisheries secured to us being a new grant. (2) To place the rights secured and renounced on the same footing of permanence. (3) That it might expressly appear that our renunciation was limited to three miles from the coasts."

In relation, however, to the coasts' bays, creeks, and harbors, on or within three marine miles of which the liberty of the American fishermen to take, dry, or cure fish was renounced, the treaty of 1818 contained the following stipulation:

"Provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying, or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

Whatever may have been the hopes of the contracting parties, the treaty of 1818 did not put an end to difficulties, and in 1821, 1822, and 1824 numbers of American fishing vessels were seized off the coast of Nova Scotia. Of these some were condemned and some released, and in 1824 three which had been seized in the Bay of Fundy were forcibly rescued by a band of armed men from Eastport, Maine. It is, however, to be observed that all the condemnations in these years were for fishing or preparing to fish within the three-mile limit. But about 1839 or 1840 there sprang up in Nova Scotia what is known as the "headland" theory, namely, that in the case of bays or harbors the three marine miles within which the American fishermen were forbidden to take, dry, or cure fish, should be measured from a line drawn from the headlands, or extreme points of land, of the indentations of the coast. About the same time there were put forward by the authorities of Nova Scotia claims to exclude American fishing vessels from bays and harbors unless in actual distress, and to prevent their entering the colonial ports for wood and water, except to replenish supplies taken at home and afterward exhausted. There was also passed by the Legislature of Nova Scotia in 1836 what was known as the "Hovering Act," which forbade foreign vessels to loiter within three marine miles of the coast on pain of being boarded, and if the hovering continued for more than twenty-four hours, of being brought into port, required to give security for costs before making defence, and to disprove unlawful intent. This statute, which was denounced by Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, in 1841, in strong terms, was re-enacted by the Dominion of Canada in 1868, and amplified and made more stringent in 1870.

From 1839 to 1854 seizures continued to be made with greater or less frequency, and on various grounds. Fleets of cruisers, home as well as provincial, patrolled the coasts, and more than once, and especially in 1852, the aspect of the controversy became most serious. But in 1854 was concluded a treaty of reciprocity, in which a considerable free list of exchanges was contained, and under which the inshore fisheries, from which the American fishermen were excluded under the treaty of 1818, were again thrown open to them. This arrangement brought peace and security to the fishermen; and trade between the United States and the Provinces, which amounted to less than $35,000,000 in 1854, grew until in 1866, the year in which the treaty was terminated, it amounted to over $75,000,000, notwithstanding the then recent disturbing and injurious effects of the civil war in the United States. The debates in Congress show that when the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was terminated it was generally expected, and many members voted for its termination with the view, that it would be replaced with a new arrangement similar in its general features, but providing against certain defects which the former treaty had been found to contain.

In 1866, immediately upon the termination of the treaty of 1854, the Canadian government instituted a system of licensing American vessels to fish within the three-mile limit. This system came to an end in 1870, when an Order in Council was issued excluding all foreign fishermen from Canadian waters, and the old controversies as to headlands and the purchase of bait and supplies were revived. In 1866 Mr. Seward had sought to anticipate difficulties by proposing to the British government the appointment of a joint commission to mark out lines and boundaries, and draw up regulations for the execution of the treaty of 1818; but as the licensing system then introduced seemed to remove the necessity for such an arrangement, the suggestion was not carried out. The Treaty of Washington, concluded May 8, 1871, under the administration of General Grant, by a Joint High Commission, again brought about amicable relations by exchanging a free market for Canadian fish in the United States, for free fishing for American fishermen in Canadian waters, and by providing for a commission to assess the amount of any compensation which, in their judgment, should be paid by the United States as the value of the privileges thus secured to American fishermen over those secured to the Canadians. This Commission sat at Halifax in 1877, and awarded the British government $5,500,000, or about $500,000 a year during the period covered by the award.

In order to avoid the controversies as to the treaty of 1818, which seemed sure to revive on the termination of the Treaty of Washington in the midst of the fishing season of 1885, a *modus vivendi* was negotiated by Secretary Bayard and the British Minister, under which, in consideration of the President's recommending to Congress the creation of a Commission to consider the terms of a new arrangement, the privilege of the inshore fisheries was continued to the American fishermen during that season. In the following January, however, a resolution was adopted by the Senate by a considerable majority, rejecting the President's recommendation on the grounds as expressed by those who spoke in favor of the resolution, that our former experience with the Halifax Commission had made such a mode of settlement unadvisable, and that the treaty of 1818 was all our fishermen wanted. Neither of these grounds seems to have been logically sound. The Commission recommended by the President was not to be, as was the Halifax Commission, a body sitting merely to assess compensation which one of the contracting parties had agreed to pay; it was to endeavor to find a basis for a settlement of the entire question of fishing rights, and to be authorized at the same time to consider commercial relations in their fullest extent. As to the treaty of 1818, the fishermen of the United States might be satisfied with it if they could obtain all they claim under their construction of it. But however sound that construction may be, fifty years of controversy, which have been mitigated only by temporary arrangements, based on mutual concession, seem now to leave to the government of the United States only two courses: either to settle the disputes over the treaty by negotiation, as is now to be tried, or to take hostile action, toward which the retaliatory act passed at the last session of Congress directly tends.

Recent correspondence shows that Mr. Bayard has offered to *settle* the headland question by taking ten miles at the mouth as the width of bays from which American fishermen are hereafter to be excluded, following in this regard a treaty between France and Great Britain in 1839 in relation to the Channel fisheries, and a treaty between various European powers in 1882 in relation to the fisheries in the North Sea. He has also proposed, following in this regard the suggestion of Mr. Seward, the creation of a commission to mark outlines and boundaries, a system of joint police, to protect the fishermen from unjust seizure and detention, and the payment by Great Britain of the damages suffered by American fishermen lately in consequence of the wrongful acts of the Canadian officials. All these questions, as well as the question of obtaining bait and supplies, will doubtless come before the ensuing conference, which is understood to have had its inception in a visit paid by Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian plenipotentiary, to Washington, last spring. Sir Charles Tupper was born in 1821, and is by profession a physician. He was a member of the Executive Council of Nova Scotia, and Provincial Secretary from 1857 to 1860, and Prime-Minister from 1864 until the formation of the union in 1867, when he was created a Commander of the Bath by Queen Victoria. In 1873 he was appointed Minister of Customs, and in 1878 Minister of Public Works. In 1883 he was High Commissioner for Canada in London.

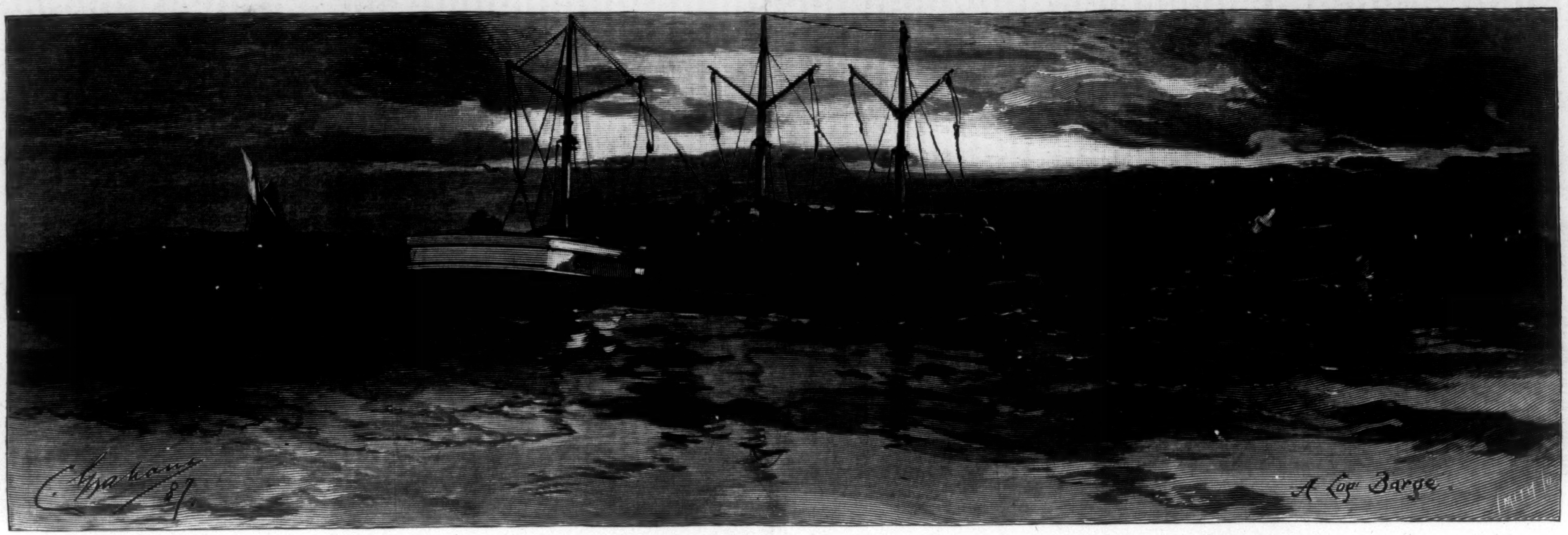
The British Commissioner is the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who at the time we write is on his way to this country. Born in London in 1836, Mr. Chamberlain was educated at University College School, and was admitted to his father's firm in the wood-screw business at Birmingham. Early attracted to politics of the radical type, he was chosen to several minor offices in Birmingham, and then for three successive terms was elected its Mayor. In 1874 he was defeated for Parliament by Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield, but two years later was elected to a vacancy from Birmingham, having previously retired from his manufacturing business. In 1880 he was again chosen for Birmingham, meanwhile acquiring celebrity by his advocacy of disestablishment, compulsory education, and the Gothenburg system of liquor license. Mr. Gladstone in 1880 made him President of the Board of Trade in his Cabinet, and he secured the passage of the present Bankrupt Act. In the Gladstone Cabinet of 1886 he was President of the Local Government Board; but although always reckoned an extreme Liberal, he then broke with Mr. Gladstone on the latter's Home Rule policy, and resigned. In the general election of last year he stood as a Unionist, or dissenting Liberal, for West Birmingham, and was elected. His appointment as Commissioner in the fishery dispute created a sensation, doubts as to its political wisdom being offset by cordial tributes to his business skill, which was presumed to have led to his selection. A few weeks before starting for America he drew upon himself severe criticism both in Canada and Great Britain by speeches against home rule, while an address at Islington in which the conduct of Irish-Americans was sharply attacked was held by his opponents to be the climax of grave indiscretion. The Toronto *Globe* voiced this sentiment in declaring "he must be recalled." This, however, is very far from being the general view taken by his friends among the Unionist party and elsewhere, or apparently by Lord Salisbury.

Sir Lionel West, who will act with Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Tupper, has spent his life in the diplomatic service of his country, beginning, in 1845, as an assistant précis writer to the late Earl of Aberdeen when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He came as Minister to the United States in 1881 from Madrid, where he had been Minister since January, 1878.

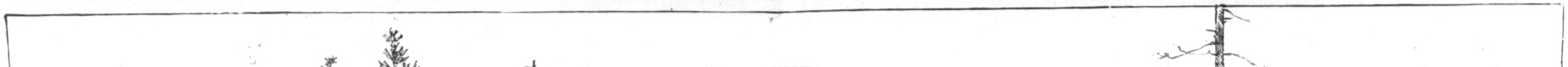
Associated with Secretary Bayard in the coming negotiation are Messrs. William L. Putnam, of Portland, Maine, and James B. Angell, President of Michigan University. The former was born at Bath, Maine, in 1835, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1855. On being admitted to the bar in 1858 he was immediately received as a patron by the Hon. George Evans, of Portland, and in 1869 was elected Mayor of that city. In 1883 Mr. Putnam was nominated by Governor Robie as a Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, but was compelled to decline the appointment on account of professional engagements. It is a coincidence that a previous nomination of Mr. Putnam by Governor Plaisted to the same position failed of confirmation by reason of an issue between the Governor and his Council, of which Mr. Robie, subsequently Governor, was a member. On the retirement of Judge Lowell, in the latter part of President Arthur's administration, from the Circuit Judgeship of the United States for the New England circuit, Mr. Putnam, though a Democrat, was brought forward by members of the Suffolk bar for the vacancy, and was supported by all the Maine and by the larger part of the Massachusetts Congressional delegation, by Judge Lowell himself, and by all the Federal judges in Maine and Massachusetts. Mr. Putnam's wide knowledge of and competency to deal with the fisheries questions have been amply shown since he became connected with the business, in a professional way, in the early part of 1866.

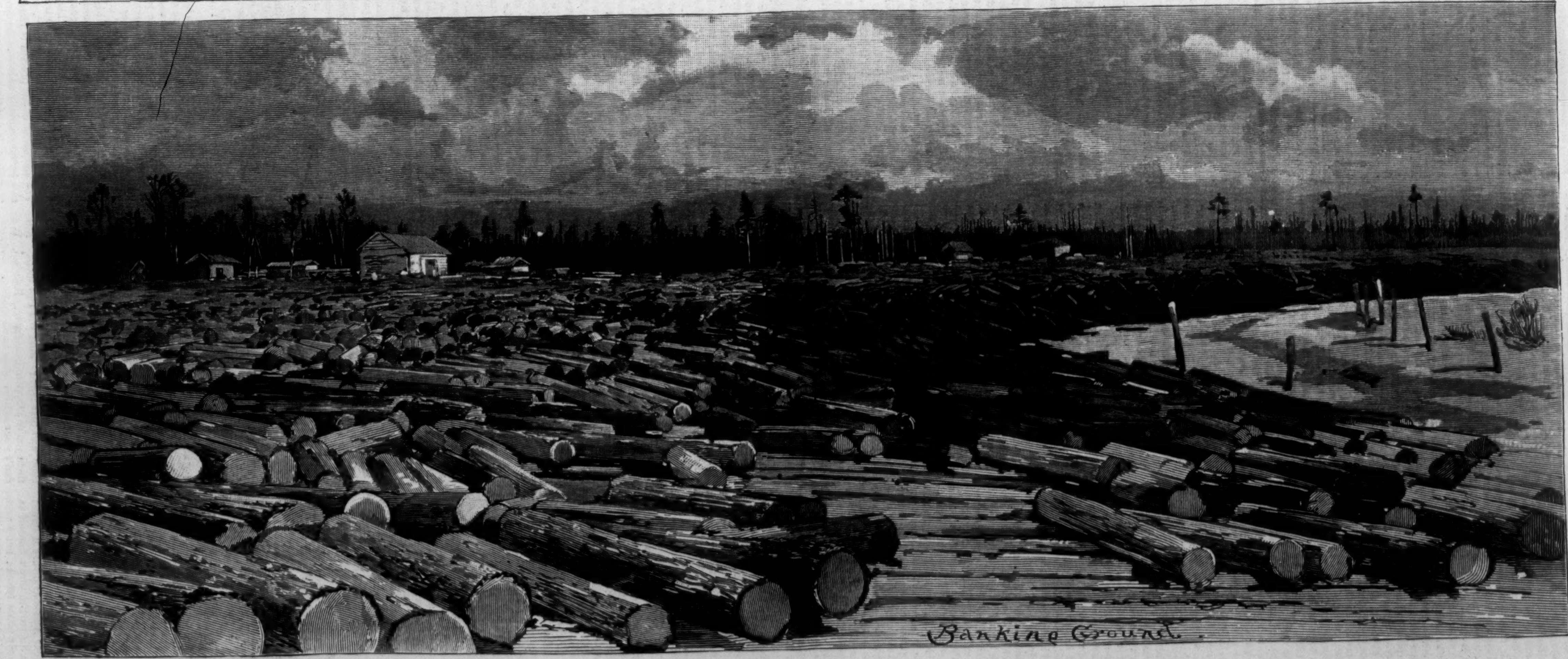
President Angell was born in Scituate, Rhode Island, January 7, 1829, was graduated at Brown University in 1849, travelled and studied in Europe two years, and then was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages in Brown University, which position he held from 1853 to 1860, when he resigned to take the editorship of the Providence *Journal*, which he retained until 1866. He then accepted the presidency of the University of Vermont, which he held till 1871, when he accepted the presidency of the University of Michigan, which he still holds. In 1880 he was appointed by President Hayes as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China, and chairman of a Commission (consisting of himself, Hon. John F. Swift, and Hon. William H. Trescot) which negotiated two treaties with China, one of commerce and the other of immigration. He resigned the office of Minister to China on October 1, 1882. He has been a contributor to leading reviews.

Log Boom.



A Log Barge.





SKETCHES OF LOGGING OPERATIONS IN THE SAGINAW DISTRICT OF MICHIGAN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 823.]

AN INCIDENT OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

He never put himself too much in evidence. If he made no advances to his fellow-travellers on shipboard, he did not repel a casual chat with any one who talked with him.

The waiter who had charge of his berth had only seen a sick man in the state-room, and there was reason for it, for the weather at the start had been bad. "Monsieur" was not exacting, and so the waiter was glad when monsieur got quite well again. Indeed, it was a very remarkable recovery, for when monsieur was dressed and came on deck, he seemed to have grown ten, fifteen, years younger. No one, indeed, had taken any particular notice of the gentleman. It had been cold and raw in Liverpool, and heavy coats and shawls were in demand, so monsieur had worn a thick muffler around his neck, which had been drawn up to his eyes, and he had coughed a great deal. When he had crawled up the gang-plank with a feeble, halting step, the surgeon, who was sharp enough, had said to himself, "There's a passenger who is going to be a nuisance, calling me up at all hours of the night." But that passenger never did disturb the surgeon, and so was forgotten.

Monsieur might have found companions among the foreign element on board, but he did not seem to hanker after such acquaintanceship. It was apparent that he spoke a number of languages, and all fairly well. There was Miss McBiddie, of Denver, who tried her Italian on him, and he bore it without wincing. Miss McBiddie's acquaintanceship had commenced when monsieur had very adroitly prevented an oil cruet from pouring its contents over her dress. He was quietly, not obtrusively, polite to the lady. She had left a rug in the cabin among the fifty other rugs, and he had selected hers and brought it on deck for her at the precise time when she wanted it. Now that showed observation on his part, to know the exact shade and color of her wrap, and she was gratified by the attention. Then there came a flying scud, a bucketful of water, aboard, and monsieur had interposed his coat just in time, and saved the lady from a wetting. It was natural that they should talk. Evidently he was a man who, though he had travelled much, had never yet been to the United States; in fact, he told her that at the second day of their acquaintance. He wanted information. "Did the lady know anything about the West?" "Lots," was Miss McBiddie's terse reply; "the West is my home."

He had some idea of going to Montana, or to California, but he was so ignorant of the lay of the land. "Europeans were so stupid, and their conceptions of America so false. Perhaps he might ask some question a lady could not exactly reply to, as to the possibilities of acquiring land in America, and its value." Then Miss McBiddie confessed her want of definite information.

"But papa is the man for you. Owns a good deal of land in all the Territories, and has got it all down fine," replied the lady, and that led up to an introduction to Colonel McBiddie.

"Certainly we could fix you up right away. Want quiet and rest, and the finest climate in the world, and a bit of hunting? Know just the spot. There is a ranch that would suit you to a dot. Come on to Denver, where I live, and I should be proud to show you round. Just ask anybody for Colonel McBiddie in Denver, and you will have no trouble in spotting me."

That is about the way the intimacy began.

"It would be so nice, papa, to have a man like that in Denver." And that night Almeria McBiddie made many clever plans. "His manners are very elegant," she thought. "He hasn't said he was a prince or a baron; but what a nice foot he has! and such a well-kept hand! and nervous fingers, that look as if they would take a strong grip of anything they held. There is a great deal of latent energy in the man. Yes, monsieur Alexis pleases me more than any one I have met on this trip; and strange, is it not, that I should find him just as I am going home? He told me half of his story to-day, when papa was absent. On account of political opinions of a liberal character he was forced to leave Poland. His lands were just across the Russian border." And then Miss McBiddie went to sleep and dreamed of Thaddeus of Warsaw.

Colonel McBiddie had, however, asked some leading questions of monsieur. "You are not a Nihilist?"

"Oh, dear me, no. I am very thankful that some ancestors of mine made matters comparatively easy for me, their indolent successor. If they acquired a poor castle and some land by means which might not be considered quite legitimate to-day, I am content to let things remain as they are; only what might have been right or might in the past will hardly do for to-day. I differed with the Governor of my province, and took my precautions. I fled, but I had for some years before taken my precautions—and you cannot blame me. You do not hold me in the wrong, colonel?"

"Oh, not at all."

"It might have been an act of cowardice to leave, but still it was a sacrifice; for heretofore I have led a careless life, with little care of the morrow. Three years ago I sent such available means as I had to my bankers in Paris and London, and left behind me, what I could not carry, my land; and here I am comparatively a poor man, with only money enough to buy some small bit of land—ranch is what you call it—and live on for a few years until I grow up with my adopted country. A new existence may—I do not say it will—give me back that energy for which my own people in the far past were famous."

The colonel listened approvingly. Then opening his heart, Monsieur Alexis said that it might be presumptuous on his part to throw himself at the mercy of his newly made friends, but would the colonel allow him to accompany him and Miss McBiddie to Denver? Even more than that, he had a good deal of money about his person, and it was a risk to carry it around, and the colonel might arrange so as to have it sent to Denver.

The colonel was taken quite aback. Such unlimited confidence he hardly expected. Then the colonel consulted Almeria, and she blushed and seemed to be in doubt.

"Would it not compromise me?" she inquired.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the colonel. "Almery, there is a ranch on Powder Creek—I had to take it last year—what would just fit the case. I don't commit myself noways, until I see how he pans out."

"Oh, papa! that's one of your horrid business terms. I am sure that that long railroad travel is a thing I dread, and you going to sleep most of the time, and passing hours on the smoking car, and nobody to talk to."

"Well, then, I guess we can fix it; anyways, if we take the trip together, I will always be within call. It's a good ranch, Almery, and worth all the money I ask for it, and if he shows up well, I'll act square by him. There's only one thing: he seems so blessed innocent and confiding like."

When M. Alexis met Miss McBiddie that evening, he touched her gloved finger-tips with his lips. Almeria gave a little gasp, half surprise, half pleasure. Her confusion was manifest, and he noticed it. "Forgive me," he said. "It was only a Russian custom expressive of heartfelt gratitude. I am like a child, and cannot repress my feelings. It will be such happiness for me to see this new land under delightful auspices."

That night Almeria had more dreams. She was a fairly prudent young woman, not yet twenty-eight. If it were a conquest she had made, she had no fancy to exhibit her triumph, and Monsieur Alexis, though he had been rather demonstrative—just once—showed no further sign of exultation.

They had a great deal to say to one another. The weather was pleasant, the moon at her full, and Almeria was happier than she had ever been in her life before. It would be on the cars that M. Alexis would tell the whole story of his life. Of course such a man as that, a man evidently of the world, would have to be forgiven for his faults. He was free; he had told her that plainly enough; but then she would not be quite satisfied with that; and the colonel, who was shrewd, would make further inquiries; but if she loved him, and she felt as if she did, she would be a wretched woman if matters turned out not so roseate as she hoped for. Yet the recital, the acting of her romance, might take place as the two were speeding over the monotonous prairies.

M. Alexis had never looked brighter, more elegant, than when the steamer was near the dock. "I am such an infant, my dear colonel, that I put myself entirely under your charge," he said, with a pleasant smile.

Then Miss McBiddie laughed, and made a cunning remark that he was a fairly well-grown baby to be hauled around in leading-strings. "But," she added, "if he was real good, not troublesome, and did not bother with too many questions, she would take him and her father that night to the theatre. That should be his first sight-seeing in New York. You see, the opera at Denver and New York may not be as good as in Paris or London, but it satisfies us." Then Almeria tried to remember in which of her four trunks had been packed her finest dress, and wondered if the Custom-house people would delay her much, and the probabilities of her wearing her lovely silk that very night.

"I have little curiosity," said M. Alexis, "about New York, and care nothing for huge cities, for they all wear a family resemblance. The bigger they grow, the more marked the likeness. I shall like Denver far, far better than New York. Now I must go down to my room, and will come up again in a moment, and I will efface my individuality as would a little duckling under the protecting wing of its parents."

Then the colonel, who had gone to the ship's side, called his daughter. "Almery," he said, with glee, "it's awful kind: there's a whole Colorado deputation on the dock a-waiting for us." And the colonel waved his handkerchief, as did his daughter.

It was all done in a second, though the arrangements necessary to bring about the climax had been under careful preparation for fully sixty days beforehand. Off Quarantine ground, alongside of the visiting doctor, there had come on board of the steamer a man who looked neither hard nor rough, only determined. The captain of the steamer he did not even nod to, but he at once sought out the ship's surgeon, and said a few words to him. The waiter had M. Alexis's bag and satchel, and Monsieur had just fitted on his gloves, when a hand was clapped on his shoulder, and the determined-looking man said, in a low voice, which Monsieur Alexis heard distinctly, though steam was roaring through the escape-pipe, "I arrest you."

"Why?" inquired M. Alexis, without even quaking.

"Don't make any bother, but come quietly along. Your game is played. No use of my going over it all. Here is my warrant. Don't say anything. I don't want you to commit yourself. You understand English perfectly. I have a carriage ready for you. It saves trouble."

"I will come quietly, but only providing you do this for me. You see that stout old gentleman and that thin young lady? I don't want them to see me."

"In my company? Is that all? I don't mind obliging you, and I really rather like not having a fuss. Here, Bill;" and on this some one answering to the name of Bill approached. "See that fat Western party a-shaking his handkerchief, and that lady? Just you nail them. Tell them you're a Custom-house man. Halt 'em. We don't want neither of us to be spotted. Now, my man, these bracelets ought to fit snug. I sha'n't crumple your cuffs. Oh, I see you know—slinging your overcoat over your arms quite shuts out the whole business from a curious public."

So Alexis went, and excepting the ship's surgeon, no one knew anything about it. The McBiddies were on the dock a long time, and they waited. At the hotel Mr. McBiddie watched the register. M. Alexis had been given the address. Ceaselessly Almeria sent down waiters to the clerk, to her father, for news of the lost gentleman. She would not look at the papers so as to select the theatre where she might spend her evening. She was ill with anxiety.

The colonel was merciful. He could not tell her what he had read in the morning prints of the next day. It was worse than had Monsieur Alexis been found drowned in the East River. There it all was, the arrest of the most perfect rascal Europe had ever produced. If Vautrin represented crime with all the chiar-oscuro of a mezzotint, M. Alexis was as sharp and incisive as an etching. It had been murder and robbery in Vienna, and when Monsieur Alexis's arrest was flashed across the ocean, chiefs of police departments in various head-quarters in far-distant cities chuckled, and were very good-humored to their subordinates for fully twenty-four hours. Almeria McBiddie to this day wonders and wonders over the fate of Alexis. She has constructed some fantastic theory of her own, how Alexis was spirited away by the myrmidons of Russia, and now languishes in a Siberian steppe. She is true to his memory, and has enshrined in her heart the man who, had he the least chance, would have cut her throat.

As to Alexis, there were no palliating circumstances, and between "the arrest" and the execution the time was short.

MIND-CURE.

What mind-cure is, all students find it difficult to define. One sufficiently comprehensive definition is that it is the healing of persons suffering from acute or chronic disease, through the influence of the mind upon the body. One of its exponents, Dr. Marston, says, "A mental cure is the discovery made by a sick person that he is well"—an explanation that is not particularly clear, in view of the difficulty of understanding how a man can be sick and well at one and the same time. Mrs. Stuart, another of its exponents, affirms that mental influence exerted by a skilled practitioner upon the body of a mangy dog has been efficacious in removing its disease. Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Brooklyn have each one or more institutions, termed colleges, in which the system of mind-cure is taught, and which return differing answers to the inquiry as to what mind-cure is. They also differ from each other in regard to developments, but agree in the rapidity with which students are rushed through the course of training, and in the heartiness with which they contradict and oppose each other.

Mind-cure differs from faith-healing in that its subjects are taught to rely on the power, or what is called the healthfulness, of the mind, whereas in faith-healing the subjects are instructed to rely on operative force external to themselves—on the working power of Almighty God. Mind-cure dispenses with prayer and faith, which in the latter system are held to be indispensable. In attempting to understand the methods of treatment peculiar to this novel Æsculapian development it is necessary to bear in mind its "fundamental idea that disease does not come from God, and that He has nothing to do with its perpetuation, but that it is one of the errors of man that can be cured by truth, and that the application of this truth is not by faith, but by an intelligent understanding," or, more properly speaking, vivid imagination. Dr. J. M. Buckley places Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and a lady of unbounded confidence in herself and teachings, in the centre of the mind-curers, Christian scientists, etc., etc., who mainly concur in her hypothesis that "the only realities are the Divine Mind and its ideas, and that erring mortal views, misnamed mind, produce all the organic and animal action of the mortal body. Rightly understood, instead of possessing sentient matter, we have sensationless bodies." From all which it may be correctly inferred that they hold all received physical, psychical, and metaphysical science in more or less of contempt. W. F. Evans, a prominent mind-curer, describing the method of treatment, says: "The process is essentially a spiritual work. It is held that there is a part of us that is never sick, and this part is mentally worked upon so as to control the sick person's consciousness, and this destroys the sickness, for 'mind cures matter.'" How the cure is effected, in what way mind acts upon matter so as to change the sensations of sickness to those of health, is by no means satisfactorily explained. In fact, Mrs. Eddy, the mother of many and diverse professional children, does not believe in the reality of sickness at all. "If," she remarks, "you believe in inflamed or weak nerves, you are liable to an attack from that source. You will call it neuralgia, but I call it illusion."

How a disciple of this special school rids himself of this painful hallucination we are informed by Mr. Evans in the Boston *Journal* and in the *Science of Health*. First of all, he positively denies the fact as evidenced by his senses, and will not admit that he is sick. He does concede that "he has a belief that he is sick," and that such belief rests upon the sensations of his "rebellious body." His aim is to free himself from this belief by casting out the sensations which give rise to it. Therefore he divides his own unity, and sets the mind to convince the body of error, achieves victory in the argument, and is well. The simplicity of the process is charming. The sick person mentally addresses the disordered tabernacle in style of conscious superiority. "What are you?" he demands. "You have no power over me; you are merely the covering given to me for present purposes. It is an error to suppose that I am sick; I recognize the great truth that I myself, my individuality, my personality, my mind, cannot be sick, for it is immortal, made in the image of God, and when I recognize the existence of that truth there is no room left for the existence of error. It is unequivocally proved that two things cannot occupy one and the same place; error cannot exist in the same place with truth; therefore error is not in existence, and I am therefore not sick." All of which is just as clear to most minds as a section of Robert Hall's "continent of mud." It looks like logic with a bee in its bonnet. It denies sensible facts, assumes that the admitted sickness is of the mind, and yet repudiates it on the singular assumption that the image of God in man is the simple spirituality of his mental constituent. This assumption is then clothed with expulsive power, and sickness is driven out of the body as well as the mind. This reasoning is not that of ordinary society, but of the extraordinary, lodged in sanitary retreats. By denial of admitted fact it claims to substitute that fact by another of diametrically different character. When practising upon patients the professional mind-curer demands no small amount of faith from them at the outset. All they are required to do is to sit still—passively. "The practitioner faces the person who believes himself sick, for about half an hour, silently communing in his own mind the same as he would do in case he himself were supposed to be ill, or else explaining to the patient what truth really is in regard to his disease. This is all that is necessary." Concessions to human weakness are occasionally made in the shape of harmless outward applications in order to give confidence to the patient, "but this has no bearing upon the method of curing." People antagonistic to this procedure should be excluded from the room. "You should seek to be alone with the sick while treating them." "You are not diseased. There is not an angel in all the spheres sounder or more divine than you," was the silent address of Dr. Helen Williams to a sufferer. She then added, aloud, "There, now, you won't have that pain again," with a force of conviction that made her "tingle all over," and that must have had startling effect upon the recipient auditor. Technical language utterly foreign to any English dictionary deepens impression upon susceptible patients.

The efficacy of the mind-cure treatment is said to be apparent in multitudes of instances. Subjects and practitioners alike profess reticence but practice publicity in relation to it. In Boston not only delicately organized women, but rough and sturdy business men well known at Quincy Market, are said to be eager witnesses to its value. Alleged cures are not confined to transient complaints like rheumatism, but cover "all contagious and hereditary diseases as well; in fact, every kind of ill of which mortal man is susceptible." Limbs blackened by disease, eyes covered by cataracts, diphtheria, ulceration of the brain, cancer, asthma, indigestion, fever, etc., etc., are asserted to be cured by the influence of the mind. This it has in common with all quack medicines—it is a panacea. It justifies—so it is said—the boast of Dr. Quimby, one of the founders of the mind school, that people send for him and the undertaker at the same time, and the one who gets there first has the case. It "doth profess too much," and bitten people are prone to doubt—especially when Mrs. Eddy affirms that "mental surgery alone is competent to the cure of dislocated hip-joints and spinal vertebræ."

Every cultured physician is thoroughly aware of the fact that the mind does affect the body, and that the body affects the mind. None can more judiciously estimate the power of imagination upon health or disease. In 1771 Unzer wrote, "Expectation of the action of a remedy often causes us to experience its action beforehand" (Vol. I., page 113). John Hunter said, "I am confident that I can fix my attention to any part until I have a sensation in that part." Mental states "dilate and contract the small vessels which convey nutriment to the cells of glands and tissues," and directly affect the "organic cells, whether through sensory, motor, or distinct trophic nerves." Doctors Tuke, Carpenter, Hammond, and other medical writers not only refer to such well-known facts as hungry mouths watering at the thought of food, aching teeth ceasing to pain within reach of the dentist's forceps, but to the authenticated efficacy of the royal touch on many cases of scrofula, to the action of bread pills as aperients when thought by patients to be such, to the dissipation of hysterical neuralgia by fear, the relief of paralysis by terror, anger, or hope, the cure of gout by the shock of a burning residence, and the maladies healed by the imaginary virtues of water from the Virgin's Spring at Lourdes. That from the nearest pump would answer just as well if the drinkers would only imagine so; plaster from any building would produce as marvellous effects upon sores and fretted joints as that from the Roman Catholic chapel at Knock, in the west of Ireland, if sufferers would only fancy it did; and the public bath lying off the Battery, in the city of New York, might have as curious a collection of canes and crutches as St. Winifred's Well in North Wales, if cripples had equal faith in the curative properties of its saline contents, and imagination vigorous enough to leave all helps behind them.

The impotence of mind-cure treatment and the causes of its failure in numerous instances are almost equally apparent. The doctrine that medicine and diet and exercise and bathing and rubbing are of no importance rejects potent aids to its own success. The exhaustion of the *vis medicatrix naturæ* doomed Edward Irving, notwithstanding his sublime faith, to certain death; imitators of Prince Hohenlohe and other distinguished healers have signally failed through incapacity to develop the imagination of the sick; and most of the cures wrought by Madame de St. Amour

were only temporary because unreal in some cases, and because the imagination ceased to operate in others. The shocking death from bleeding cancer of a lady near Boston who was under mind-cure treatment is still fresh in the memory of readers of the *Transcript*. Yet, after all allowance has been made for possible deception and for errors in the diagnosis of disease, at Lourdes, Knock, the London "Bethshan," the New York "Berachah," and elsewhere, and after deducting many recoveries as due to the unaided recuperative energy of nature, there is amply sufficient evidence remaining to demonstrate the therapeutic influence of imagination on the seat of disease.

How the element of truth in the mind-cure treatment may be utilized for the benefit of the sick is a question in which the medical profession is more immediately interested. The most eminent regular physicians in Europe and America state that in a large proportion of the cases treated "the disease is cured by nature and not by them"; in others, by nature in spite of them; and in still others, that the patients would fare as well if all medicines were abandoned (Sir John Forbes, M.D.). Sir John Marshall, F.R.S., writes: "The *vis medicatrix naturæ* is the agent to employ in the healing of an ulcer or the union of a broken bone; and it is equally true that the physician or surgeon never cured a disease; he only assists the natural processes of cure performed by the intrinsic conservative energy of the frame, and this is but the extension of the force imparted at the origination of the individual being." The imagination, the faith, the expectancy of the patient, is of inestimable service to the helpful practitioner. Burton's pithy observation is still true, that "an empirick oftentimes, or a silly chirurgeon, doth more strange cures than a rational physician. Nymannus gives a reason—because the patient puts his confidence in him—which Aircenna prefers before art, precepts, and ali remedies whatsoever. 'Tis opinion alone (saith Cardan) that makes or mars physicians; and he doth the best cures, according to Hippocrates, in whom most trust." The white neck-cloth, bunch of seals, gold-headed cane, and look of unfathomable wisdom proper to some practitioners, go a long way toward complete command over the faith of their patients, and through that toward more or less of recovery. RICHARD WHEATLEY.

THE LUMBER INDUSTRY OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE logging crews scattered through the lumbering camps of the Northwest are more distinctively a class than can be found elsewhere on the continent. Anything will do for a cow-boy or a miner, but it takes a man of great strength and endurance to make a typical logger. If I wanted to raise an army of ten thousand men who would rather fight than run, and who would not care to eat until they had flogged the enemy, I would take them from the forests rather than from the plains or the mines. Yet in many ways these "boys" of the camp are as irregular in their habits as are those of the corral. For fifty years an army of these men have been earning and receiving high wages for their work, and yet it is safe to say that not one in twenty of them has ever been benefited by his labor. They go into camp often in the early autumn, and submit to enforced temperance until spring, and come out with several hundred dollars each. They "strike" a town, and in a night, a day, or a week, the last dollar has dropped into the hands of some rum-seller or the keeper of some vile resort, and they wander off to find something to do that will bring them a living until they can go into camp again.

The logging camp is a world in itself. It varies in size with the number of men to be kept, and that depends upon the quantity of timber to be cut in a season. In locating a camp, the object is to get as near to the work as possible, and yet secure water and a desirable site. That done, the ground is cleared and the long trunks notched and laid in walls that are roofed with rough boards that are in turn covered with tarred paper. The several buildings are "the men's camp," "the kitchen," "the office," "the stable," "the granary," and "the shop," in which the blacksmith and the carpenter look after the horses' feet, cant hooks, peevies, sleighs, drags, swamp hooks, chains, and whippletrees. In the centre of the men's camp stands a huge stove; overhead hang poles, across which the men throw their wet socks and mittens to dry; around the walls are the "bunks," made of rough boards, and arranged in tiers two or three deep, and in a corner convenient to the door is the wood-pile. In this camp, supper over and the pipes all in bloom, may be seen the romance of the logger's life. As a rule, these men have had little or no education. The intellect of the place is sharpened only in the direction of inventing new words, phrases, and "drives" that shall win applause and secure a laugh on some victim. When chaffing palls, out comes violin, flute, or mouth-organ, or all of them, and there is music and dancing, games, sparring, and the noisiest, roughest, but best-natured fun ever found among uncultured men, until the hour arrives when the lights must go out.

The first work is making "skidways," on which the logs are to be piled for loading upon cars or sleighs. If the logs are to be "banked" by teams, a crew of men begin, when camp opens in September, to make the road from camp to river. This is a work that requires skill, as hills must be avoided, and as nearly as possible a dead level maintained. The work must be finished in time for the frost to get its proper work done in solidifying the bottom, especially in swampy lands, of which there are many to cross. When snow falls it is tramped and sprinkled with water, until the bed has become a mass of ice. That is a good road. Then comes the hauling, which is the most dangerous part of the work. Where the logs are hauled by trains and locomotives all the old work of road-making and teaming is avoided. But the advent of the locomotive and the logging railroad in the forests has destroyed much of the romance of the life and work. It has produced much the same effect as would follow the abandonment of their old covered wagons, horses, and camp-fires by the gypsies for the modern method of travelling by special train. But so it must be. As the timber line retreats from the streams the expense of banking increases, and so railroads come in as the natural solution of that problem. Then also forest fires are annually killing more or less pine that must be cut at once in order to save it. Where there are railroads, such burned timber may be delivered at will, and cut up almost before it has grown cold. In lower Michigan, where the logging railroad is most to be found, about one-third of the log product of 1886 was hauled by engines. The quantity moved by rail in 1887 is already far in excess of last year's total.

The pine lumber product of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota in 1886 was, in round numbers, 7,000,000,000 feet. To obtain that lumber the pine timber was logged clean from 780 square miles of forest. The live pine still standing in these three States is estimated at 120,000,000,000 feet, worth $360,000,000 now. In twenty years the half, or more, will have been cut, but the remainder will be worth half a billion dollars. On the Saginaw River within a distance of twenty-two miles from its mouth has been for many years the greatest pine-producing district in the world. But it reached the zenith in 1882, and with fluctuations dependent upon circumstances it must decline until at length the last pine log of the Saginaw has been interviewed, and the record closed forever. Since 1851 the Saginaw mills have produced 15,974,918,937 feet of pine lumber. Since 1867 the Saginaw mills have manufactured 4,132,050,170 pine shingles; 1,568,437,268 pine lath; since 1882, for packing salt, 219,525,994 pine staves, and 14,991,340 sets of pine heading. The shingles, staves, and headings are all manufactured from logs that will not make merchantable lumber. Many trees have good and bad spots so close together that a clear board could not possibly be cut from them, and yet by cutting such timber into bolts eighteen inches or three feet long, a great deal of excellent stock is secured, which would otherwise be lost, and pine is too valuable now to waste. After all is selected that can be used as pine, the refuse—sawdust, bark, edgings, spalts, and worthless slabs—is used as fuel. It could not be thrown into the river, and must be burnt. It is burnt under boilers, and generates steam enough to manufacture, on this same Saginaw River, over 2,000,000 barrels of salt annually. In 1886 the Saginaw district produced 798,826,224 feet of pine lumber. Of this amount 580,000,000 feet of logs came down in "the drive" of the several streams tributary. The Littabawassee Boom Company rafted up and delivered at the mill booms 403,988,740 feet of logs, or 3,363,403 pieces—an average of 120 feet per log. Fifteen years ago the average was 360 feet per log, and in the winter of 1872 about 90,000,000 feet came through the Huron booms that averaged 500 feet per log. Ten years ago a pine stick scaling 120 feet was left to rot or burn, or be stolen for a fence pole by some audacious pioneer. To-day one can see a great many so-called "logs" in the booms that scale from 40 to 80 feet per pole. This fact tells the whole story of the growing scarcity and value of Michigan pine. The illustration on our double page shows a log boom filled with rafts. The logs handled by the Littabawassee Boom Company last year, if made up into one raft of single log depth, as are those in the illustration, would form a contiguous mass 150 feet wide and 100 miles long. CHARLES ELLIS.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

WHEN a young, handsome, and popular woman steps from society to the stage, the chances are that she makes a false step. The distance between the amateur and the artist is a very long distance, and it is seldom bridged over. Nevertheless it is a fact that one may, for many practical reasons, play the part of an amateur, yet be the possessor of true artistic feeling. The experience—we might almost say now the career—of MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER illustrates this. Mrs. POTTER was for several years a prominent figure in fashionable society. Born of an old and distinguished Southern family, married into a distinguished Northern family, endowed with exceptional beauty and personal charm, she was precisely the sort of woman between which and the stage there seems to be an impassable barrier. Yet almost from childhood—certainly from maidenhood—Mrs. POTTER was impelled toward the stage; and with maturity came the conviction that her place—the place for labor and serious accomplishment—was on the stage. The restless desire in her for dramatic expression found a partial outlet, so long as her life was hidden from the public, in parlor readings, private theatricals, and other mild imitations of real stage art. She acquired, indeed, an unusual reputation for much bright and sympathetic work done as an amateur, and she spent a large part of her time in preparing herself for this work and in presenting it, always in the cause of charity, at various theatres. Her clever performances in *A Russian Honey-moon* and *The Romance of a Poor Young Man* were repeated frequently, so frequently that in her case the line between acting as a profession and acting as an amusement was finely drawn. The truth is that Mrs. POTTER played the part of an amateur while identifying herself in spirit and ambition with the part of an actress.

No one, therefore, was surprised when, last year, Mrs. POTTER announced her purpose of going on the stage. She had long cherished this purpose, and those who comment upon her acting to-day should bear this fact in mind, and credit her with high and honest intention. A woman like Mrs. POTTER, forced into prominence in spite of herself, bred in an atmosphere which has nothing in common with the atmosphere of the stage, is apt to be regarded by those who value acting as an intellectual art with aggressive suspicion. Unconsciously they are led to do her injustice, to magnify her faults, and belittle her natural gifts. She may be modest, patient, eager to learn, but the average critic is unwilling to acknowledge so much, and thus he measures her with the tape of his prejudice. While she was studying and acting as an amateur, Mrs. POTTER was constantly under the helpful direction of practical stage-managers. She gained in this way much of that experience—familiarity with theatrical methods—which is usually gained by others in a harder school. When she decided to look to the stage for a definite career she visited France and England, and practised with good teachers there. For many months afterward she acted continuously at a prominent theatre in London, winning the esteem and applause of even those critics who, in the haste of passing judgment upon her after a first performance, had little to say in her favor. At present Mrs. POTTER is acting in this city, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her performance of Faustine in *Mlle. de Bressier*—a play wholly unsuited to American tastes—has been described copiously in the newspapers, and has been considered critically from many points of view. It is unfortunate that some of Mrs. POTTER's least generous critics got their impressions of her acting from a first performance—which was inevitably marked by uncertainty, agitation, and self-consciousness.

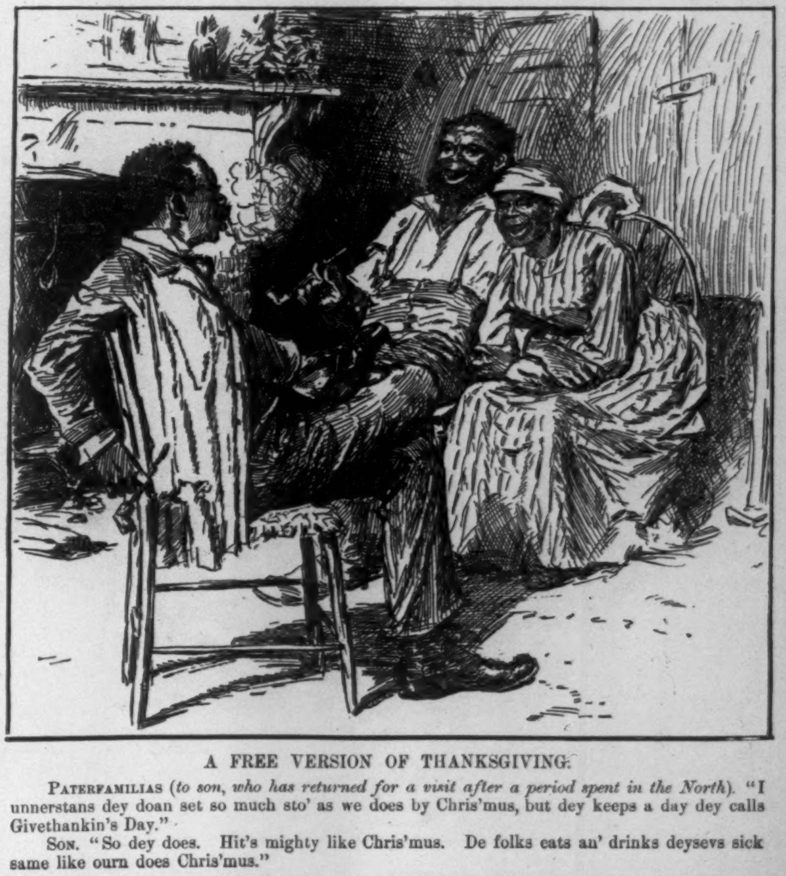
There appears to be no reason why Mrs. POTTER shall not succeed on the stage. She brings to it a charming and refined personality, a figure which stands out luminously among the more commonplace figures of the theatre, an earnest intelligence, talent which has yet to be developed, and the courage of conviction. Her performance of Faustine reveals a gentle and sympathetic nature, a delicate appreciation of romantic character, and considerable dramatic instincts. Her short-comings and mistakes are obvious enough; but while it is proper to lay sufficient stress on these, they should not be made the whole basis of criticism. A beautiful woman—young, energetic, enthusiastic—Mrs. POTTER's coming to the stage deserves a kindly welcome. GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE.

DOUBTLESS there are thousands of globe-trotters who can still look back to their first visit to London. Doubtless too there are thousands of others, both Americans and Englishmen, who remember as well their first DICKENS pilgrimage, though perhaps it took them no further than the Inns of Court, the City, and the Strand. On my first coming to London, in the winter of 1883, I had fortified myself, not with a course of English history, but by re-reading Pickwick. My first Sunday morning, about one o'clock, I found myself in Chancery Lane, outside of the entrance to Lincoln's Inn, in the company of the proverbial solitary policeman and convivial cat. On my asking the policeman where in the world I could get something to eat—as it is well known one must starve in London on Sunday before one and after three—he gave me the inevitable answer, "Down to the bottom, first to your left, under the lamp, up the passage, and there you are!" After he had repeated these mysterious directions two or three times, and had found me hopelessly ignorant of his meaning, he did what I have very seldom known a London policeman to do—a proof of his loneliness: he walked to the end of Chancery Lane with me, and there being no one on Fleet Street, pointed out the sign of the Cheshire Cheese. Under this sign—a great flaming red lamp—is the legend, "Wine Office Court," and just within the court is a white lamp, with this second legend, "Entrance to ye olde Cheshyre Cheese, two doors above, on the Right."

This to me was discouraging, for I have always distrusted everything advertised as *olde* and introduced with the well-known *Ye*. Another red lamp over the second door above, and a ground-glass door, a push at the door, and I had passed into another world. I was in a narrow hall, at the far end of which was a quaint bar, where, framed in by small panes of glass, were two very pretty, but I cannot say fascinating, bar-maids. I never could be fascinated by the ordinary English bar-maid. However, the crowd of men in the room on the left were, and that seemed to be all that was necessary. Suddenly a waiter with a very short nose came out of another room and screamed up the stairs: "Cotherum steak. Boatherum foozlum mash. Fotherum coozlum, botherum steak!" and then remarked to me: "Lunch, sir? Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. What can I get you, sir? Steak, sir; chop, sir; kidney, sir; potatoes, sir, cooked in their jackets, sir? Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Then up the stairs he added, "Underdonesteak one!" Then to me again: "Walk in, sir. Take a seat, sir. Paper, sir? *Lloyds*, sir? *Reynolds*, sir? Yes, sir." A second waiter thrust two plates of bread under my nose, and asked, "Stale or new bread, sir?" while a third remarked, "What *can* I get you to drink, sir?"

I was too much overcome to give this third any order at all. I had begun to look around me. I found I had stumbled on just what I had determined to make a hunt for. I was in one of the green-baize curtained boxes into which Mr. Pickwick was always dropping under the guidance of Sam Weller, whose "knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." Unless you have a Sam Weller at your elbow you will not very easily find the Cheshire Cheese, the last of the London chop-houses, even though it is in Baedeker. In the opposite corner was, not Mr. Pickwick, but one of those respectable shabby old gentlemen you never see outside of London. The waiter asked him, in the same confidential tone, if he would not have a half-bitter; if he would not like to see yesterday's *Times?* "A most interestin' article in it, sir, Mr. PRICE, sir." Then Mr. PRICE's half-bitter came in a dented old pewter pot, and along with it an exaggerated wine-glass, and Mr. PRICE held the pewter in the air, and a softly murmuring stream flowed from the one into the other. It was most deliberately and yet accurately done, with not the least suggestion of the almost forgotten art of the American bar-tender. Beyond the box I was in I saw other hard straight-backed seats, and between them other most beautifully clean, white cloth-covered tables, at all of which were three or four rather quiet and sedate but, after their manner, sociable Englishmen, everybody seeming to know everybody else in the place. As almost all of them were beyond middle age, their gray or bald heads stood out well from the dark panelling of the walls. On one side two white curtains made a very effectual attempt to shut out the sunlight that came down through the smoke from upper regions. Everything seemed happy, even to the cat purring on the hearth, and the brass kettle singing on the hob. Perhaps I should except the restless waiter, who, when any one came in, rushed to the bottom of the stairs, and gave his unearthly yell. Soon down the same stairs came my translation of the yell in the shape of the steak I had ordered, and with it the potatoes



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PATERFAMILIAS (*to son, who has returned for a visit after a period spent in the North*). "I unnerstans dey doan set so much sto' as we does by Chris'mus, but dey keeps a day dey calls Givethankin's Day."

SON. "So dey does. Hit's mighty like Chris'mus. De folks eats an' drinks deysevs sick same like ourn does Chris'mus."

in their jackets, all on old blue willow-ware plates.

"Your steak, sir. Yes, sir. Anything else, sir? Napkin, sir? Oh, serviette! Yes, sir. All Americans like them, sir."

And so I found for the first time that napkins and bread, freely bestowed in decent restaurants at home, are in England looked upon as costly luxuries.

The old gentleman by this time was ready to go. "Mac!" he called.

"Yes, sir. Chops, potatoes, and bread—sixteen pence, sir. Anything to drink? Half bitter, sir? One-and-seven, sir."

"Make it one-and-nine, Mac."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Mornin', sir."

I wondered what he meant by making it one-and-nine. But shortly after it was my turn, and something like this went on:

"Steak, potatoes, and bread, sir—sixteen pence, sir. One-and-six, sir."

"No bread, sir. Right, sir. One-and-eight, sir. Two-shilling piece, sir? Right, sir. Mornin', sir."

"But I had no bread."

Then a fearful gloom fell on his countenance. As I walked toward the door where the other waiter was standing he announced, in a voice so loud that the "Ullomulljum de loodle wumblejum" being shouted up the stairs was nothing to it—and every one stopped reading and looked up—"James, the gentleman hasn't given me anythink, but he desires to give you somethink." Then I understood what to make it one-and-nine meant. I felt in my pocket. I had nothing but a shilling, but I put it in his hand and ran, followed by the roar that only happy and pleased Englishmen can give.

Although my first experience ended so disastrously, financially and every other way, I have returned again and again to the Cheshire Cheese, and have moreover tried to induce others to go there with me. For if the place is not haunted, as it is said to be, by the shades of BEN JONSON and HERRICK, of SAMUEL JOHNSON and BOSWELL, the waiter is perfectly willing, for a consideration, to point out to you the stains of their wigs on the wall. It is certain that DICKENS did frequent it, while SALA periodically puffs it, and a host of other lights have written about it. In my own small way I have endeavored to lead some modern junior novelists and poets there to show them how near they could come to some of the great masters whom they apparently worship so thoroughly. But on the only occasion when I succeeded in placing one probably in the seat of GOLDSMITH or HERRICK, he sniffed at the chops, and remarked that if JOHNSON had had a napkin it would have been better for his personal appearance.

I hardly know myself what is the attraction of the place, for you can only get chops and steaks, kidneys and sausages, or on Saturdays a gigantic pudding, to eat your money's worth of which you must have the appetite of a Gargantua, or, on Shrove-Tuesdays, pancakes. If you should happen to want anything else, you would probably get the answer which Mr. SALA says was given to a friend of his who asked for a hard-boiled egg with his salid: "A hegg! If HALBERT HEDWARD 'imself wuz to 'cum 'ere he couldn't 'ave a hegg." Besides these drawbacks, you pay probably more than in any restaurant in London. And yet once you get into the habit, you go and go and go again. But whoever really cares to see the last of the old London chop-houses, let him, when next in London, look up the sign of Ye Olde Cheshyre Cheese.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

INTERIOR SKETCHES OF THE "OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE," FLEET STREET, LONDON.—DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.—[SEE PAGE 823.]

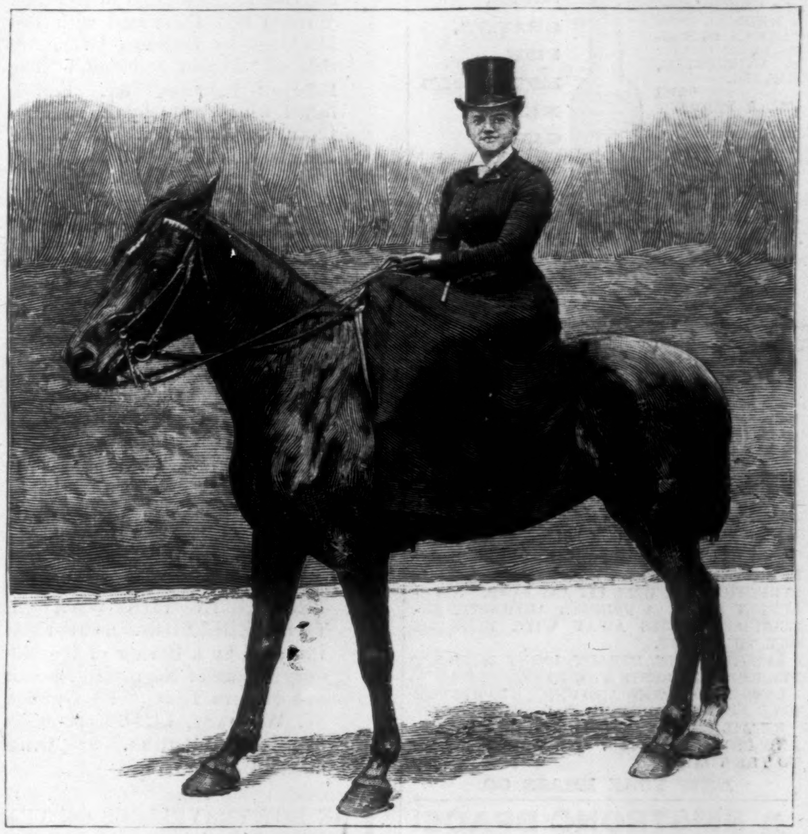
ON THE PARK BRIDLE-PATHS.

The equestrian sketches in this number of the Weekly furnish a very good notion of the things that may be "snapped up" on the bridle-path of Central Park by an observant Autolycus provided with a sufficient camera. It will be seen that the riding of New York is by no means of the stereotyped pattern that might be supposed by one who had not watched it. The English park hack is, no doubt, for many riders, the model saddle-horse, as for another class of rider is the English hunter. But while these types are amply represented in the Park, both by imported specimens and by specimens bred in emulation of them here, there are other types almost equally favored. The German riders, who form a very large proportion of our equestrians, revert to the ideal which they have formed at home, and this ideal is rather a charger than a hunter. It is the type which the Prussian government has for many years been endeavoring to establish by means of the government stud at Trukene. Horse-breeding in Germany, like everything else, is subordinate to military necessity, and the object of the government has been not merely to cultivate a type of horse suitable for cavalry and artillery, but to suppress every other type. The sire found most suitable for this purpose is a cross between an Arabian and an English thorough-bred, and when again crossed with the common stock of the country, he produces the type of saddle-horse which Germans in America as well as Germans in Germany prefer.

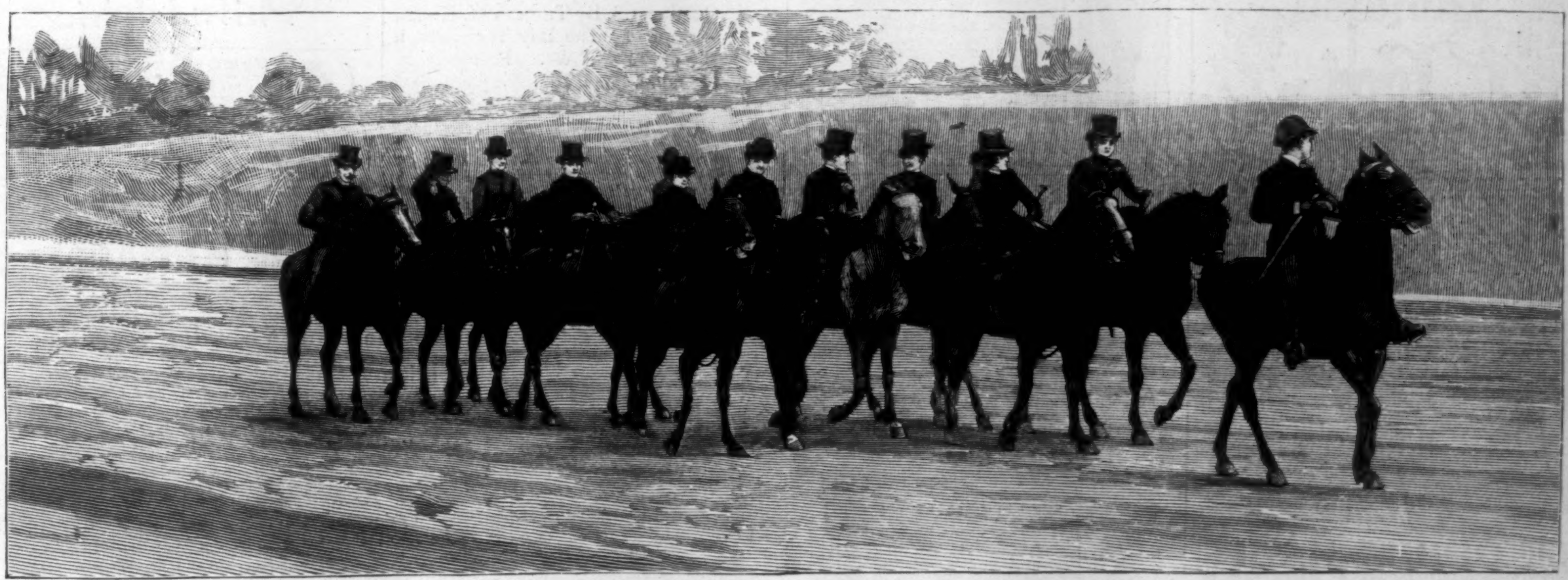
There is also a coming saddle-horse of a peculiarly American type, though he can scarcely be said to have arrived in great force. The most American saddle-horse is no doubt the mustang, which subserves civilization as the "cow pony." Some intelligent ranchmen in the Territories, and especially in the neighborhood of Cheyenne, recognizing the good qualities of this quadruped, and intent upon improving them, have imported a number of English thorough-breds, which have been crossed with the mustang. The result is a horse larger and better-looking than the mustang, while retaining his toughness and endurance. These horses have of late years been shipped east in considerable numbers, and have been found very satisfactory for the purpose of polo. Many of them are in use as ladies' saddle-horses, and one of them, bearing on his flank the brands of his native ranch, may be seen in our illustration surmounted by a rider whose seat is manifestly, and even with exaggeration, of the cross-country type. It is an indication of the cosmopolitan character of New York riding that the other male equestrian of our illustrations should present an equally typical German military seat.

It is more nearly accurate to say that all women in New York ride alike than that all men ride alike, though it may not be entirely accurate. However, the horsewoman of our illustration may serve perfectly as an example of the fashion in riding-habits, which is of a masculine permanence rather than of a feminine convenience. Nothing, indeed, is left in the riding-habit to individual discretion except a choice between two or three sombre colors and the choice between a high hat and a round. In seats there is not much more latitude. Even with men the shape of the saddle and the hang of the stirrups have a controlling influence on the seat. The side-saddle induces a much closer approach to uniformity. Of course some women ride well and some ill, but the good riders ride very much alike, and the attitude of our equestrienne does not disclose to what "school" of equitation she is addicted.

The remaining picture is one of which the original can be seen only by the morning visitor to the Park. It is a "ladies' class" from one of the riding-schools, composed of horsewomen who are bent upon exercise and improvement rather than upon exhibition, and prefer the hour when the Park is less frequented than at the time of the afternoon parade, though many enthusiasts take both. Each of the schools has one or two ladies' classes during the week. In the spring and autumn they appear in the Park, attended each by a riding-master or two. During the



TYPES OF NEW YORK EQUESTRIANS IN CENTRAL PARK.—From Photographs.



A LADIES' CLASS TAKING A MORNING RIDE IN CENTRAL PARK.

winter they meet in-doors, and derive perhaps as much benefit from the exercise, though certainly not so much pleasure. These classes are organized by the schools, but there are in addition ladies' clubs, more select circles of horsewomen, organized for the season by their own members under the patronage—or matronage—of one of their number, by whose name the organization is known. On the road, however, the ladies' class and the ladies' club are indistinguishable.

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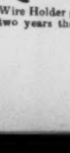

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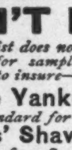

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CONSTANT COQUELIN *VERSUS* HENRY IRVING.

INTRODUCTORY.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

AFTER twenty years' diligent attendance at the theatre it is not difficult to persuade one's self that one knows little or nothing about the art of acting. For an opinion on a play, one can give chapter and verse and be armed for a good fight; but for an opinion of a player, one can urge little more than personal like or dislike. It is only when we see dramatic criticisms of which the authors seem to know even less than we do ourselves that we can convince ourselves that we have any acquaintance at all with the subtle and elusive principles of the histrionic art. Most discussion of actors and acting is a mere gallimaufry of gossip and personality, without the needful core of sound knowledge. If we were to be influenced by much of the well-meaning and ignorant writing about the stage which appears in journals and magazines, we should be forced to the conclusion that acting is not an art at all, and that the sole use of the stage is to serve as a platform for personal exhibition. A discussion, therefore, of the principles of the art by two of its masters, the chief figures on the stage of their respective countries, is as instructive as it is interesting. When critics disagree, who shall decide? When actors of eminence discuss their art, who shall fail to profit by their preaching?

Perhaps, indeed, the chief gain of the debate is to emphasize and bring home to many who are fond of the theatre, and who enjoy a fine performance with unthinking satisfaction, that true ease in acting comes by art, not chance—an axiom of papal infallibility not infrequently denied. That acting is an art—this, therefore, is at bottom the main contention of M. Coquelin's paper on "Acting and Actors" contributed to the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. "Every art has its different instruments, but the instrument of the actor is himself. The *matter* of his art, that which he has to work upon and mould for the creation of his idea, is his own face, his own body, his own life. Hence it follows that the actor must have a double personality. He has his first self, which is the player, and his second self, which is the instrument. The first self conceives the person to be created, or rather—for the conception belongs to the author—he sees him such as he was formed by the author, whether he be Tartuffe, Hamlet, Arnolphe, or Romeo, and the being that he sees is represented by his second self. This dual personality is the characteristic of the actor." Thus M. Coquelin declares the elementary principle of the histrionic art.

M. Coquelin then proceeds to show that, having conceived his character, having studied it inside and out, and having mastered it absolutely, the actor must then force his second self to reproduce the character he has conceived. "Keep the control of yourself. Whether your second self weeps or laughs, whether you become frenzied to madness or suffer the pains of death, it must always be under the watchful eye of your ever impassive first self." In other words, the actor must never let his emotion run away with him, and he must leave nothing whatever to chance. Of course M. Coquelin has no words too severe for the theory that an actor can rely on what is vainly called "the inspiration of the moment." To do that would be as though we should ask the poet to lower himself to the level of the improvisator; and we know what Horace thought of the goose who composed *stans pede in uno*. No great actor, even the very fieriest, ever failed to be careful in the composition of his characters and in the preparation of his effects. Edmund Kean paced the stage of every new theatre he played in that he might proportion and control his apparently wild and impulsive springs. That in the earlier days of her brief career on the stage Mrs. Kemble trusted in great measure to her native gifts rather than to an acquired art was the reason that Macready said she did not know the rudiments of her profession. Mrs. Kemble was frank enough to quote his remark, and honest enough to acknowledge its justice. Too much English acting is like Mrs. Kemble's in that its charm is due chiefly to the personality of the player, and only secondarily to training, school, skill, sound knowledge.

An actor who loses his self-control will soon exhaust himself; and "an actor who fatigues himself is a mediocre artist," Talma declared. In Diderot's *Paradox on the Comedian* is set forth the extreme view of those who hold that an actor should not feel the emotion he is representing. And M. Coquelin agrees with Diderot. "The *Paradox* is not a paradox at all," he said to me once; "it is the simple truth." There is an excellent English translation of Diderot's book by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, and to this Mr. Henry Irving contributed a suggestive preface in which he expressed his dissent from some of Diderot's tenets. And to the *Nineteenth Century* of June last Mr. Irving contributed a brief paper in which he recorded his dissent from some of M. Coquelin's precepts.

Mr. Irving, while agreeing with M. Coquelin in his views on the acting of comedy, thinks "that he completely misses the vital essence of tragedy, and that his criticism is of the earth, earthy." Mr. Irving says that while training is good, no doubt, it is "the divine fire" which makes an actor great—an "electric quality," the "rarest and highest gift an actor can possess. It is a quality which, in varying degrees, distinguishes those who tread the highest walks in the drama, and which has given fame to-day to Salvini, Barnay, Booth, and Mounet-Sully." At bottom Mr. Irving's "complaint of M. Coquelin is that he seems to allow to idealism only a very small place in his philosophy." And to this point Mr. Irving returns again and again. Obviously enough he did not like M. Coquelin's paper, and there is at least a hint of irritation in his reply. But although he goes afield now and again, as occasion serves, for a fair hit or a sharp retort, in the main he confines himself to a declaration of the insufficiency of M. Coquelin's analysis of the tragedian's faculty, and it is with these words that he concludes his essay: "The actor who portrays with the grandest power the Titanic force and energy of Lear or the malignity and hypocrisy of Shylock will be truer to the poet than another who interests us chiefly in the characteristics of age or a type of the Jewish race. M. Coquelin would, I fear, in tragedy teach us to be too prosaic; for however important realistic portraiture may be in the comic drama—and there are noteworthy examples of its success on the English as well as the French stage—in tragedy it has comparatively a minor place."

M. Coquelin is to answer for himself, and he does not need me for a second; his retort courteous the reader has herewith. That the French actor is a master of fence can be seen at a glance, and he makes not a few neat hits. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, but I am no Sir Lucius, and I take the liberty of suggesting that this is not the first duel which has arisen from a misunderstanding, and that if each actor had fully and frankly apprehended what the other had said we should see them shaking hands at once. They are more in accord than they think, and their disagreement is more apparent than real.

M. COQUELIN (L'AÎNÉ).

By MRS. ANDREW LANG.

M. CONSTANT COQUELIN was born in the year 1841. His love of acting took him to Paris (1860–4); he became a pupil of M. Regnier's, and after learning all that the Conservatoire could teach him, entered the Théâtre Français at the age of nineteen. No man ever embraced "the profession" with a more exalted belief in its possibilities or a more earnest determination to spare no pains in the realization of them. This attitude of mind has distinguished his whole career. In every part he has had to play he set an ideal before him, and until his representation satisfied himself he was alike indifferent to public acclamation or private praise. Even the wishes of authors, most flattering of all tributes, were disregarded. He absolutely declined to act the Duc de Septmonts in *L'Étrangère* because he declared he could not "see himself" in the part, and it was not until the writer of this play, M. Dumas *fils*, announced his intention of withdrawing the piece altogether rather than allow the rôle to be taken by any one else that M. Coquelin consented even to reconsider the question. "If at the end of a fortnight's study I feel that I am able to do it, I will play the part; if not, I do not ask whether *you* are satisfied—I do not care—but I will never act it." Fortunately for those who love acting, he succeeded in satisfying his own ideal, and the result is one of the finest and most sharply defined characters that are to be found in any modern piece. It is only artists with the finest instincts and the highest genius who realize acutely how far their best efforts fall short of their conceptions, and most men would have rested serenely contented in the belief that, once having come to maturity, they had mastered the capabilities of their art. M. Coquelin knows better. "After twenty years' hard work," he once said, "I am just beginning to feel that I have a grip of it." To the motto of Mascarille in Molière's *Précieuses*, "Tout ce que je fais me vient naturellement et sans étude," M. Coquelin adds, "Ce n'est pas comme à moi." It is this labor, among other things, which makes his acting so interesting. The experience of years of hard work is joined to the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. M. Coquelin's characters never run in grooves. One man of the world does not the least resemble another; the Mascarille of *L'Étourdi* has nothing in common with the Mascarille of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, though both are valets. Each part is stamped with its own individuality, and its individual features stand out as clearly in the memory as do those of Napoleon or Henri IV. It is owing, too, to the vivid conception he has of the part that he is going to play—a conception that begins with penetrating the innermost fibres of the personage, and ends with the idiosyncrasies of his outer man—that there is never any exaggeration in his representations. There is no need to label his characters with a trick for the audience to assign them their proper place. Each person M. Coquelin plays has his own station in life and the duties that appertain to it, but outside this he is a man like other men, and there is no more possibility of his identity being mistaken by the public than by himself.

Certain limitations of physique, which M. Coquelin has wisely recognized, shut him out from parts which his keen intelligence and insight would have rendered him peculiarly fitted to play. He has his own ideas of the Misanthrope, which are not those of Molière's successors in the rôle. His ideas are set forth in one of his essays, *Molière et le Misanthrope* (Paris, 1881). He disagrees with the view which gives to Alceste a profound and complicated nature, and merely considers him a snappish, ill-tempered man, who would make a *chien de mari* to any woman. M. Coquelin has his moments of longing for this too familiar figure on the stage of private life, but he recognizes the fact that according to the eternal laws of fitness the Misanthrope was *un homme comme ça*, of tall stature, aquiline features, and lowered eyelids, and as such cannot be acted by one whose nose looks upward rather than down. So tradition has determined, but M. Coquelin thinks tradition is wrong. The world has a mistaken theory of Alceste; M. Coquelin sees him as Molière saw him. The world of critics has been like Prévost-Paradol, who based a theory of La Bruyère on a misprint in one of his letters, reading "pasty" instead of "Past." So we have all made Alceste a *beau ténébreux*, gloomy, fatal, Byronic. He is really a rather broadly comic character, with his *morbleus* and *palsambleus*. Still, M. Coquelin has respected public opinion, and has not acted the Misanthrope. But what a gallery of portraits is left for him to choose from, and what excellent choice has he made! Who will ever forget Vadius, the solemn, self-sufficient poet dear to the *Femmes Savantes*, or the intonation with which he makes his opening remark, "C'est un sonnet"? Who is there that has once seen it but can summon up at will Mascarille of *Les Précieuses* lying back in his chair, his ribbons fluttering round him, and his hands stretched toward the two admiring girls with the remark, "Attachez un peu sur les gants la réflexion de votre odorat"; or the other Mascarille of *L'Étourdi* (which is rather a dull play to read), when he sits with amused complacency on a bench, watching his master's futile efforts to kill himself on his sword? To any one who has once seen these things the sight of another actor playing the parts would be like listening to an old song with a new tune; the words are the same, and the music may be good of its kind, but it will never sound "soft in the rhythm" to us.

We have already alluded to the representation of the Duc de Septmonts in *L'Étrangère*. It is, as far as we are aware, the solitary part of the kind that M. Coquelin has ever undertaken, but his rendering is a

RACHEL THE TRAGEDIENNE.

masterpiece. The Duc is the child of a worn-out caste; he is steeped in every degrading vice. He appears before the audience in more than one humiliating position; but he has the outward polish and even a spurious dignity that belong to his class, and in a certain sense he rises superior to his situation. It is not easy for a man who, as he says himself, is *bourgeois*, and not accustomed to the society of dukes, to represent a being of this kind in a manner to hold his audience suspended with excitement; yet this is what M. Coquelin can do. How much more in his rendering of Gringoire, the wandering poet, brought low by misery and hunger, who, with all his innocent vanity and love of life, yet retains his self-respect, and refuses liberty and a wife who he thinks must come to him soiled. And now when he finds that he is wrong, that the wife offered him is the wife that he would have chosen from all the world, and that her consent is the price of his life, he refuses to appeal to her pity; he is "brave to the end."

Other actors, however good, occasionally jar upon their audiences in the notes they strike and in the interpretation of certain feelings; M. Coquelin never. He sometimes startles you with an emphasis which was not the one you expected him to give, which opens up to you a different view of the character from what you had taken; but when you come to think about it, you find that he was right and you were wrong.

With the spirit of a true artist, M. Coquelin has a profound hatred of the "star" system. He recognizes that the greatness of all is the greatness of each; that as every man shows to greatest advantage among the people that understand him, every actor will act better when in contact with other intelligent people who are well adapted to their parts. No doubt on the stage, as elsewhere, talent ebbs and flows, and we may perhaps be pardoned for saying that it is no longer spring-tide at the Français. Talent there is enough and to spare; but we miss the variety, the ideal filling of *every* part, that we could count upon seven years ago, when Delaunay, Jouassain, Croizette, and Favart were still in their glory.

As a writer, M. Coquelin possesses an excellent style, and a thorough literary knowledge of his subjects. No historian of the life of Molière can neglect his learned and acute little treatises, such as his *Tartuffe* (Paris, 1884), his *Arnolphe*, and *Le Misanthrope*, already cited. Thus he carries with him into his art the instincts and the training of a man of letters.

A REPLY TO MR. HENRY IRVING.

BY C. COQUELIN.

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

In the English review *The Nineteenth Century* Mr. Henry Irving has published a reply to the study on "Acting and Actors" which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last May. The opinion of so distinguished an artist as Mr. Irving could not be a matter of indifference to me; I have therefore read his article with the greatest attention, and I beg leave, as we do not agree, to reply to his reply.

I cannot believe that Mr. Irving was offended by my estimation of his talent. In attempting to define his talent I am not aware that I depreciated it. And this is all the answer I shall make to Mr. Irving's reproach that I have sat in judgment upon my colleagues and contemporaries. I neither judged nor condemned any one. My purpose was to explain various theories. I cited examples, and I made those examples contemporary, because thus their verification was easy. It is only natural that my theory should seem to me to be the best, and in that respect Mr. Irving is not constituted otherwise than I am; but I do not think that I have allowed myself to be carried away so far as to deny the talent of those who profess a different faith from my own. It is likewise, I hasten to say, the doctrine and not the man which Mr. Irving attacks. And he attacks stoutly, and in a tone which at times reaches indignation, as if I had been wanting in respect to that holy of holies which he calls the "poetic drama"; but this vivacity needs no justification; on the contrary, it is most creditable to Mr. Irving, because it shows to what a degree he is passionately devoted to his art.

As for the question whether Mr. Irving really answers my thesis, that is another matter. Did I express myself badly? It is to be feared I did, for in more than one case Mr. Irving seems to have represented me as saying either what I did not say or the contrary of what I said. The only points on which he consents not to combat me are the "truisms," of which, he observes, my essay "contains a comforting proportion." He ought then to admit as a truism what I said on the difference between the English and French ideas of "natural acting." Here I do not pretend to have made any discovery; many more competent writers have advanced these views before me, and Mr. Irving's article, and his talent too, are a new confirmation of their truth.

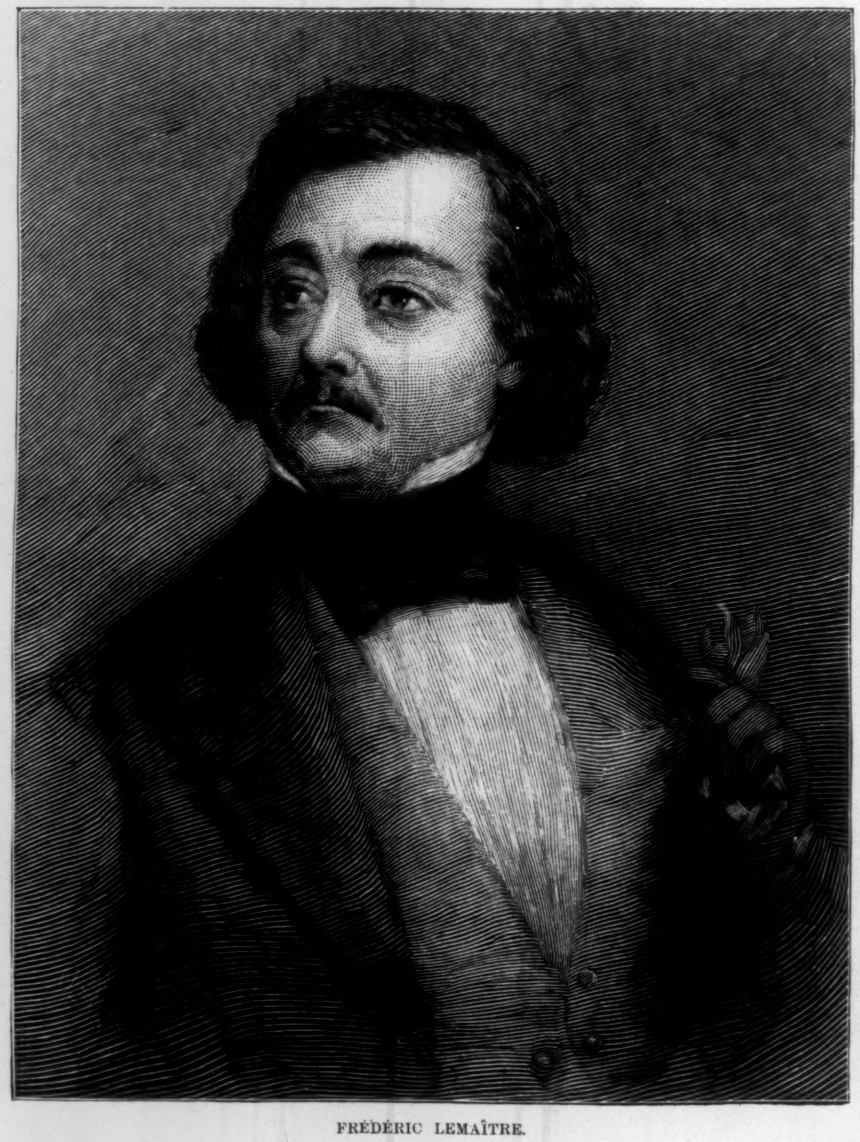
Yes, the English are above everything "original," and they carry their taste for originality so far as to love even eccentricity. We in France are generalizers; the English, on the other hand, concern themselves chiefly with the individual; I will even say with exceptional individuals. Let us consider their most powerful types. Macbeth is not the universal ambitious man: he is Macbeth, the somnambulist of ambition, a fatal, strange, unique figure. Othello is not the type of the jealous man, the same at Venice or at Cyprus as in all other latitudes: he is a particular jealous man—jealous as a man can be who partakes of the nature of a hero and of a child, and who, like this noble Moor, combines the candor of a primitive soul with the sudden and formidable impetuosity of African blood. And so with the others. The characters of Shakespeare are individuals, profoundly human, without doubt, but nevertheless exceptional. And perhaps that is excellent in drama, for as drama sets man struggling with destiny, the more powerfully organized are the beings whom it depicts smitten down by fate, the more soul-stirring and striking is the lesson.

Comedy, on the contrary, knows no other fatality than the logic of the characters; it depicts the usual course of things—common life, and men as they really are; it lives on generalities. And it is in this point that Molière triumphs. While the great English comic writer Ben Jonson delights to paint odd people—individuals and not types, *humors* and not characters—Molière puts on the stage general personages, who are universally true, and who live our own daily life; it is our humanity, ourselves as we are. There is nothing excessive in them, and nothing eccentric. The same is the case with our tragic personages. The characters of Racine, and even the characters of Corneille, in spite of the poet's austere personal accent, are more general than those of Shakespeare. There are none of those spurts of individuality which give such exorbitant relief to the grand figures of the English poet. As in antique art, our characters keep in the ranks; they remain in the tone of the whole, which is harmony and measure. Drama, I repeat, perhaps demands more. But this is a fact, and a fact which, to my mind, reveals the difference in the genius of the two races. Let Mr. Irving play Nero in Racine's tragedy of *Britannicus*: I am sure he will feel how impossible it is to give to this terrible jealous emperor the transports of an Othello. Even in their fury our heroes do not know wild excess.

RACHEL.

It is natural that this difference in the manner of conception should recur in the manner of rendering a character. English comedians, as it seems to me, are like English writers: their chief care is originality. Mr. Irving will not contradict me, for his whole article is, after all, nothing more than a claim in favor of this precious quality. He fears that my theories may smother originality by casting representation of character "in one unchanging mould," and so he pleads vigorously for personal inspiration against tradition. This in reality is the true reason of our disagreement. Mr. Irving represents genius as independent and solitary, deriving everything from itself, or receiving from above certain sudden enlightenment, thanks to a special quality which he calls "electric," and which "distinguishes superior artists," or, in other words, idealists. I represent, or endeavor to represent, prosaically perhaps, but passionately also, that *ensemble* of traditions which constitutes the Comédie Française, that mass of accumulated observations, that inheritance of those who have gone before, by which the new-comers profit—the results of two centuries of study placed at the service of those who are beginning. Mr. Irving maintains that respect for this glorious past leads to imitation, is an obstacle to free personal inspiration, and, in a word, kills all individuality. This may be true for actors of second or third rank (though at any rate the system has the result of rendering them endurable, which is something); but for actors of talent, no. Great actors have not been wanting at the Comédie Française: have there been two alike? Did Talma resemble Lekain? Did Samson stifle the genius of Rachel? Genius always makes its way. Far from obstructing true originality, study develops it and sets it off to advantage; it removes that rust of oddness, of exaggeration, and of convention which so often clings to originality, and which would end by spoiling it; study polishes the blade and renders it more brilliant. Mr. Irving, speaking of Rachel—it is he who cites this example—says that she knew all of her art that could be taught, and that she elaborated her rôles with the utmost care; but that all this "experience and labor would have counted for little without the divine fire which made her so great." If it counted for little, why should she have imposed upon herself this overwhelming labor? To say that the "divine fire" is everything is to say too much or too little. Without the "divine fire" a man cannot be an artist, but the "divine fire" is not equivalent to innate omniscience. It does not give an actor diction, nor does it teach him how to compose a rôle. And what is an artist without diction and composition? With the "divine fire" alone, and no study, an artist is necessarily incomplete, odd, capable, here and there of fine bursts, but oftener of false cries and mistaken movements. Work alone makes an accomplished artist.

In reality, this, I am convinced, is Mr. Irving's own opinion. He is probably also of my opinion on the question whether an actor ought actually to feel the emotions which he represents. He does not pronounce clearly, it is true; he even quotes an anecdote which seems to refute the theory of absolute self-possession. But the reason is that if he frankly adopted this theory, Mr. Irving would be afraid of seeming to condemn those sudden inspirations, those flashes of enlightenment, which he holds to be



FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE.

the mark of genius, and which happen spontaneously on the stage. He cites Kean, who was certainly not a "player who left anything to hazard," and who yet had "inspired moments." Kean was not the only one. Frédéric Lemaître also had "inspired moments." But let Mr. Irving read my essay over again, and he will see that I by no means deny inspiration. I said precisely that when one is sure of a rôle, when, like Kean, one leaves nothing to hazard, then indeed one can without inconvenience try some of those traits which are suggested by the heat of the representation. What I protest against is the idea that one can be inspired in a rôle which one has not studied, and the belief that one is inspired when one is merely extravagant. The "electric quality" was possessed by Talma in the divinest degree, but it was always by the simplest means that he made this quality produce the most powerful effects. When he exclaimed as Oreste (Racine's *Andromaque*), "Dieux! quels ruisseaux de sang coulent autour de moi!" (Heavens! what streams of blood flow around me!) he did not begin to stride about the stage toward the four cardinal points; he brought his legs together tightly, one against the other, his elbows clung closely to his body, his ribs shrank in, his shoulders rose in a movement of inexpressible horror, and almost without moving he became terrible. There is nothing supernatural in our art, and inspiration, far from being infallible, may often be mistaken. Frédéric had admirable inspirations, but he also had inspirations sometimes so wild that he had to ask pardon of the public.

On the other hand, a second-rate actor, carried along by his rôle or excited by some particular circumstance, may have one of those movements of inspiration which produce the illusion of genius; in vain afterward he will try to recall the flame; he will remain Gros Jean just as he was before. It is not therefore very reasonable, in my opinion, to represent inspiration as the essential mark which distinguishes superior artists. The question, for that matter, is of small importance to the public. By what token shall the spectator know whether such and such a thrilling cry has just been hit upon by the actor there on the spot, or whether it has been tried, thought over, learnt, and repeated a hundred times beforehand?

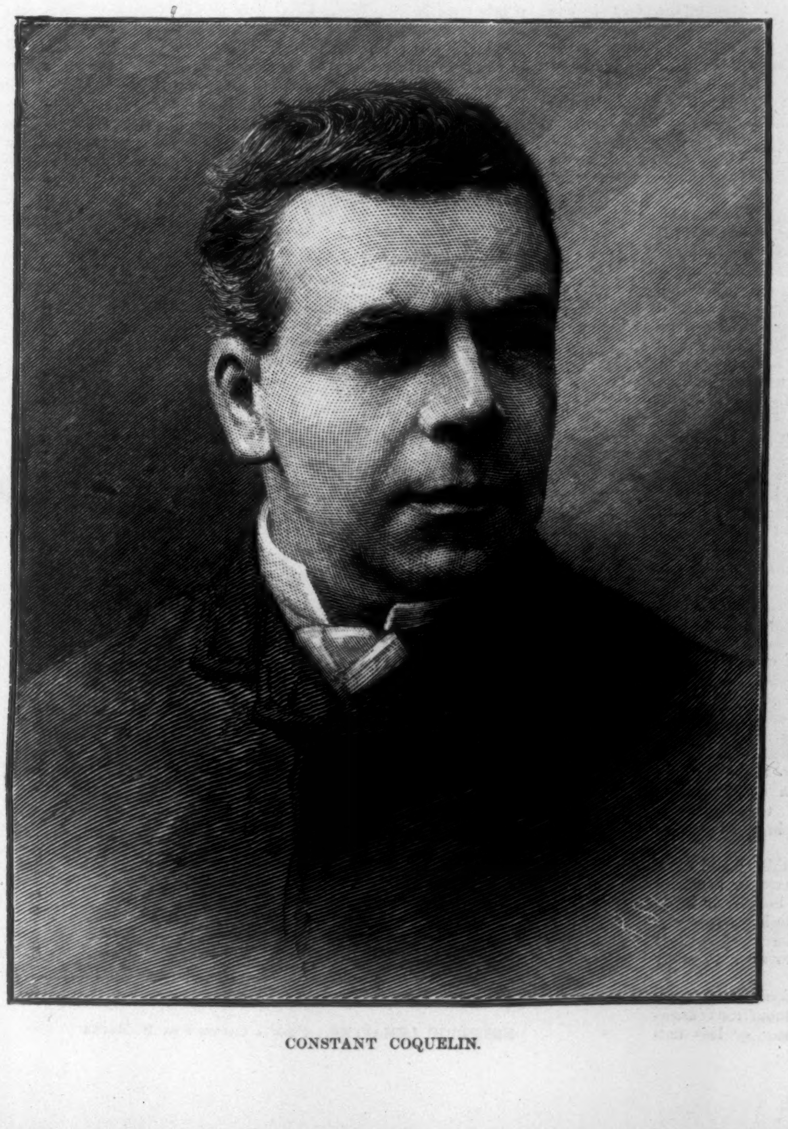
Does Mr. Irving mean to maintain that the cry found on the stage by inspiration will be for that very reason infallibly truer and finer than the other? The whole history of dramatic art would rise in protestation against such an assertion. But behold! because I deny the divinity of inspiration I am once more arraigned and convicted of materialism. Yes: Mr. Irving has discovered that I am a materialist in art, and his chief ground for this conclusion is the importance, as he thinks, excessive, which I attribute to physical exterior. He represents me as maintaining that every tragic impersonation imperatively demands a new body and a new voice, absolutely different from the voice and body which the artist has previously employed. Alas! I said on the contrary that this was the unattainable ideal, and I dwelt at length on the obstacles which the physical construction of an actor opposes to his playing certain parts which otherwise his intelligence would render him capable of undertaking. What I said, and what I repeat once more, is that an actor must modify his gait, his general bearing, and if he can, his voice, according to the character of the rôle. I cannot admit that Charles I. be made to walk and to talk like Mathias in *The Bells*, like Hamlet, and like Iago. Mr. Irving, I observe, is somewhat negligent in this matter; but still he sometimes conforms: he changes his voice for Louis

JOSEPH LEVINSKY.

XI., for instance: this being so, I fail to comprehend why he plays Mephistopheles with the voice of Romeo. Do those differences prevent being as poetic and sublime as is desirable? In no way. For the matter of that, they are obtained by profoundly studying the rôle, which I recommend the actor to do before everything else; for, far from having forgotten the soul of the rôle for the exterior, I said, and I repeat, that the actor must first become penetrated with the essence of his personage, that he must in a way swallow and digest it, and when once he has assimilated it, the exterior will follow of itself quite naturally. *It is the mind which constructs the body*, I said. I do not see that this axiom is so materialistic. Mr. Irving cites Kean, "who sometimes passed from one character to another with little more external variation than was suggested by a corked mustache," but whose impersonations were nevertheless most real and vivid. This does not astonish me at all; I consider it to be the perfection of art. I will, however, answer two things: the first is that on the stage, Kean, in order to pass from Romeo to Richard III., did not limit himself to so summary an exterior modification; and the second is that even in drawing-rooms he did not remain the same man in the two rôles. I guarantee that his voice changed, that, ardent and passionate in Romeo, it became sarcastic and crafty to express Richard; that in the same way his breast, instead of being broad, manly, and throbbing, shrank up; that his shoulder grew humpy; that his attitude became cringing; and that when he drew himself up it was with the movements of a serpent. And this I imagine did not impair the poetry of Shakespeare.

"But," says Mr. Irving, "you affirm that a hideous soul should have a hideous body, and that Mephistopheles should therefore be represented as an image of deformity; a conception," he adds, "scarcely in harmony with the enlightenment of our age, and as primitive as the orthodoxy which used to insist that the devil wore horns and a tail." And Mr. Irving takes the trouble to remind me of a number of historical personages whose portraits fill the old picture-galleries, and who were consummate scoundrels while being at the same time very handsome men. This is the brilliant passage of his article. But what is the drift of it all? What have we to do here with "the enlightenment of our age"? Was Mephistopheles a personage of our times? Is it my fault if the Middle Ages, which created the character, made him deformed, obeying therein an old human tendency of which there still remains something, whatever Mr. Irving may say to the contrary? Is it my fault if Goethe conformed with the legend? For in plain words Mephisto's cloven foot is mentioned twenty times in *Faust*, and his walk must evidently be affected by this peculiarity. Does not Marguerite conceive a horror of him on account of his ugliness? I did not find it contrary to the spirit of the rôle when I saw Levinsky represent Mephistopheles with a slight hump on his back; not because, as Mr. Irving thinks, a hump is to my mind "a symbol of cynicism," but because, according to popular prejudices, it always implies wit and often malice, two characteristics which cannot be denied to Mephisto, and to which Levinsky gives extraordinary relief. In other respects, the attention of this remarkable artist has been especially directed to the negative side of the rôle. Mephisto is the one who says "No." His rôle is to disgust Faust with action by showing him its nothingness. Irony and sarcasm are his arms, and Levinsky manages these arms superlatively. The more vivid the expression given to the universal influence of the evil innate in Mephisto, and the more formidable and terrible he is rendered—and in this Mr. Irving succeeds marvellously—the better; but I think it is a mistake to make him handsome, inasmuch as both the author and the legend represent him otherwise.

I will not insist upon another error made by Mr. Irving in his adaptation of Goethe's masterpiece. This error is not absolutely imputable to the actor; it is imposed upon the actor by the theatrical manager. The error I allude to is the almost complete annihilation of the rôle of Faust. If it is difficult, as the saying is, to conceive *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark, it seems no less difficult to play *Faust* without Faust. But this is almost what Mr. Irving is doing. And the explanation is obvious. The manager having at hand for Mephistopheles an exceptional actor, and having no such actor for Faust, solved the difficulty by sacrificing the latter rôle. The result is that the piece does what Mephisto does not: it limps. Mr. Irving does not seem to have noticed this fact, and the authority of his general observations on the work is detracted from all the more as manager and actor are in this case one and the same person, namely, Mr. Irving himself.



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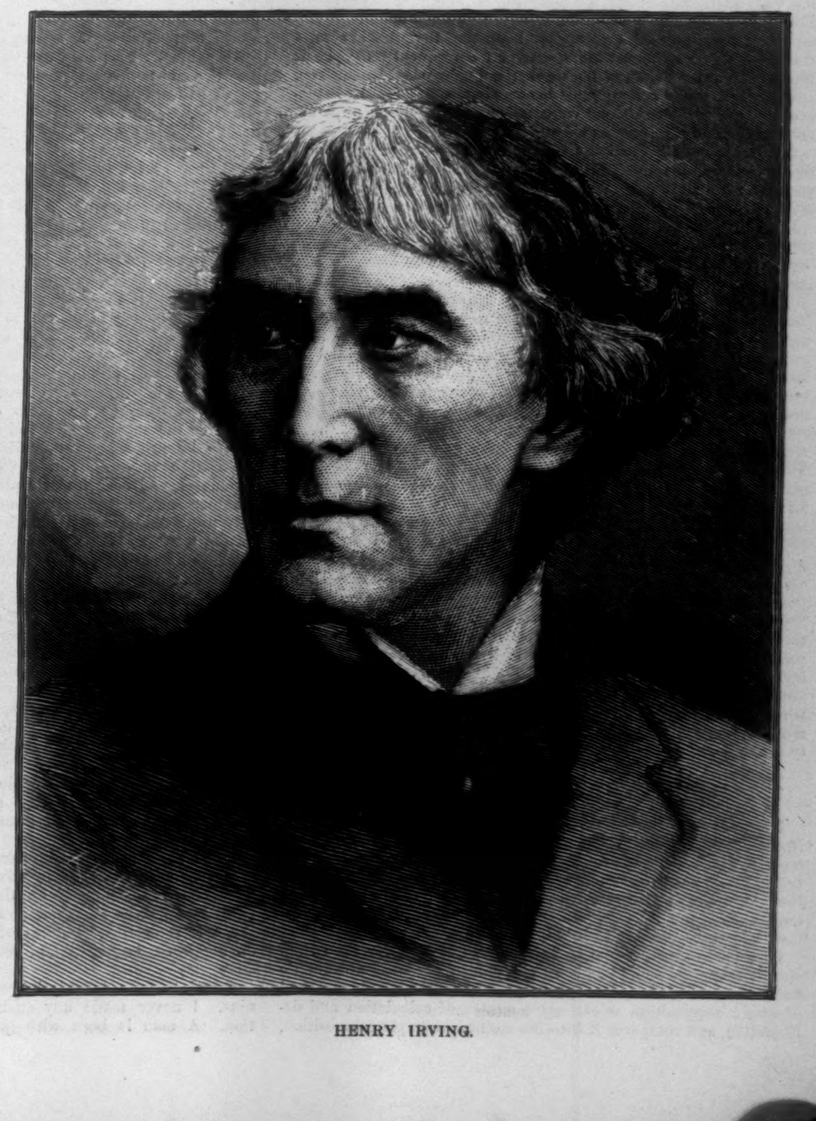

HENRY IRVING.